The Bystander, January 26, 1921. No. 895. Vol. LXIX.

The BYSTANDER

BY SHUFFREY

"WHERE'S YOUR LICENSE?"

[By the new Motor Act, which comes into force February 1, licenses must be displayed on all motor vehicles]

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540. 2.30 & 7.4
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LYRIC. (Ger. 3687). "A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL."
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EVERY EVENING at 8. Matinées, Wednesday and Saturday, 2.15.

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LYN HARDING. C. A. SMITH. ALEXANDRA CARLISLE.
To-Day and Every Day at 2, "PETER PAN."
HENRY AINLEY. EDNA BEST.

STRAND. (Ger. 3830). "A SAFETY MATCH," by Ian Hay.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER. KYRLE BELLEW.
Nightly at 8. Matinées, Thursday and Saturday at 2.30.

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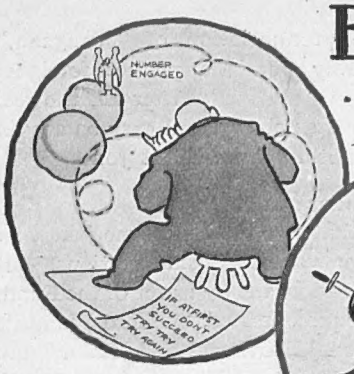
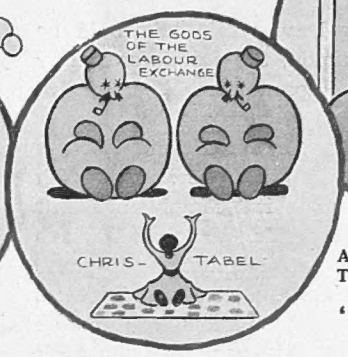
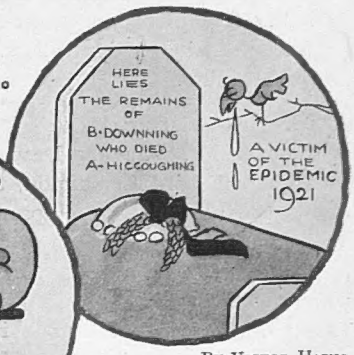


EDISON IS TRYING TO RING UP THE SPOOKS

THE GRAND GUIGNOL CONTINUES TO THRILL US



CHRISTABEL'S ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR A JOB



By Victor Hicks

AND WE'VE JUST LEARNED THAT HICCOUGHS CAN KILL US

Men, Women and Birds

MEN of science are apt to be rather disturbing when they talk about men, women, and birds—or others of the "lower animals." We were urged to spare the bird of paradise because he wore the beautiful plumes for which he was slain only at mating time. Then a scientific ornithologist came along and said that the birds of paradise which were so gorgeously feathered were past mating. Nature thus bedecked them that the hen birds might take warning therefrom and select younger and fitter mates. This was annoying for men to hear. Nature does not beautify us in order that the female of our species may see that we are, or are getting, old. "Contrariwise." But I will not go into the painful particulars. The elderly male bird of paradise is dealt with by Nature in a far more kindly fashion than she treats us.

An Awful Suggestion

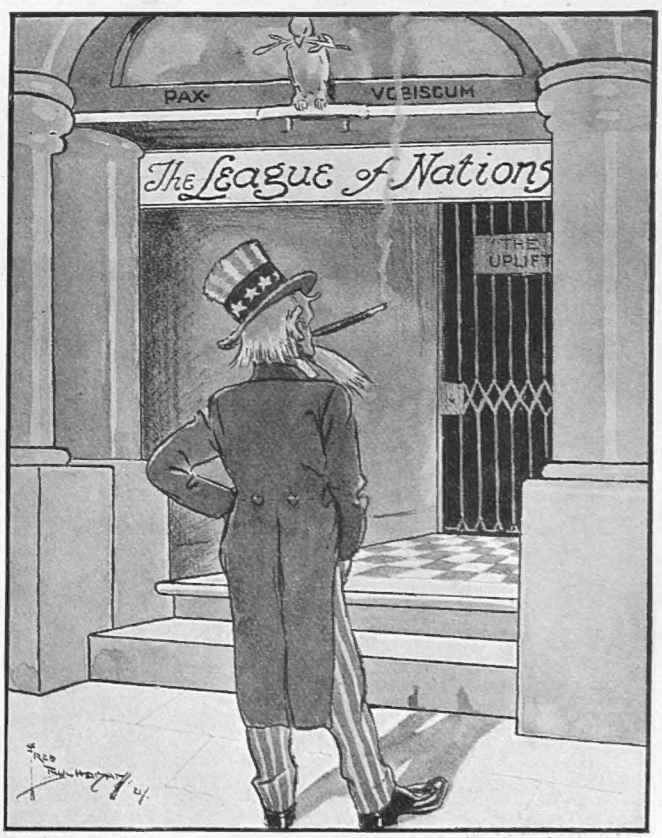
AND now Sir John Cockburn has been talking about the "monstrous anomaly" by which man, unlike the male of almost every other species, has the selection of the mate. This, says he, is why woman alone of females, decorates herself with gay colours. "With the lower animals the males are the beautiful creatures, and from them the female takes her choice." Does Sir John dare to suggest that woman is not "the beautiful creature" of the human species, save by virtue of gay colours and decorations not hers by Nature?

The Woman Chooses

BUT whichever is by nature "the beautiful creature," Sir John ought to know perfectly well that it is the woman who "selects the mate." The man may pretend to think he does it—but, much more surely than with the "lower animals" the female "takes her choice." Has Sir John ever been in a farm-yard? Chanticleer does the selecting in his department—and he is not deposed by his womenfolk when his time comes, but by a male rival, who elects himself to the post of husband. As for the gorgeous drake—but it is needless to prolong the list. Like the elderly bird of paradise, the farm-yard rooster has a great advantage over man.

"Wet" America

AS a token of that friendship for the United States, the demonstration of which just now is, we are told, of the greatest importance, I suggest that we send them all our Food Controllers. Professor Raymond Pearl, of the John Hopkin's School of Hygiene and Public Health says that about the year 2100 the States will have to import about half the food necessary for its population, which will then be 197,000,000. Personally, I would be willing to throw in our Liquor Controllers as well. Harper's *Wine and Spirit Gazette* hears "well-authenticated stories of 5,000 to 10,000 cases of Scotch whiskey a week going to America, and what with other spirits, imported and manufactured at home, the United States, for a Prohibition country, could



By Fred Buchanan

"THE EVER OPEN DOOR"

"Just think! I laid the foundation-stone of that Club—and I've never been inside the durned place yet!"

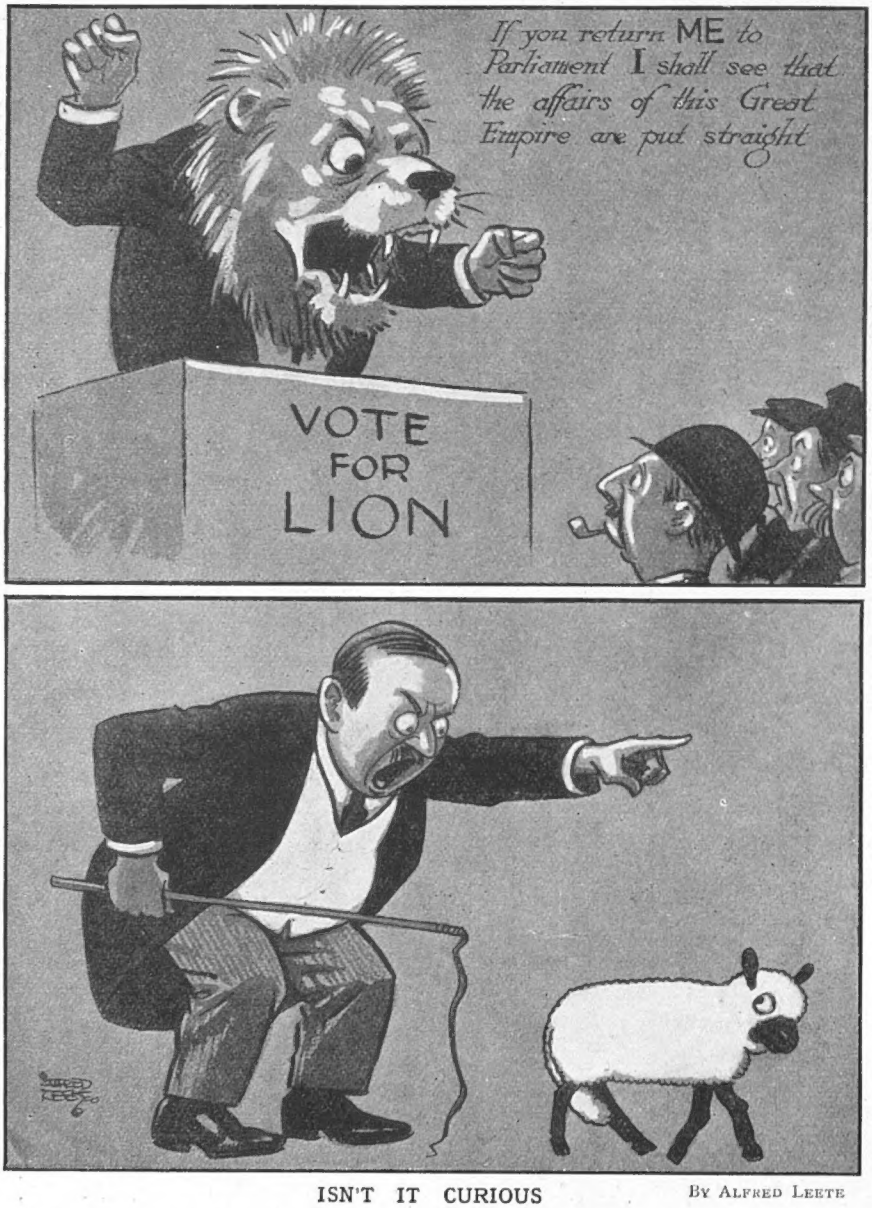
probably find plenty of work for some active and experienced Liquor Controllers. I fancy we could now spare ours.

A Tongue-Twisting Title

WHEN Mr. Vaughan-Davies said he would be called Lord Ceredigion, the jests were many about the difficult and unpronounceable names of Wales. As a matter of fact, it would be hard for anyone to go far wrong over Ceredigion, which is pronounced as it is spelled. If it were an English title we should probably call it "Marshbanks," or something like that. But Mr. Vaughan-Davies's second choice really does give us something to pause at. "Baron Ystwyth of Tan-y-Bwlch" looks in places a bit short of vowels. Those who know the Limerick about the young lady of Aberystwyth who took corn to the mill to make grist with, may think they have the first part settled for them. But I am told that "Ustwith" is the real Welsh pronunciation. The Bwlch, I gather, is like "Bull," with the "ch" pronounced as in the Scotch 'loch." No one ever remarks about the pronunciation of "Vaughan," which would probably puzzle a perfect foreigner much more than even 'Bwlch." After all, the real typical Welsh name is as simple and easy as any in the world. There's nothing hard about Jones.

An Appeal for "Undergraduettes"

I DO not suppose that it is an ideal time just now to ask for large voluntary subscriptions, but I hope that Lady Rhondda, the treasurer of the Fund, will get plenty of cheques, crossed "Oxford Women's Colleges Fund, National Provincial and Union Bank of England," sent to her at 92, Victoria Street, S.W. Briefly, the object of the Fund is properly to equip and endow the five Oxford Societies of Women Students—Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, St. Hilda's Hall, St. Hugh's College, and the Society of Oxford Home-Students. Why this object should appeal to women who are in a position to send along cheques is obvious enough. But I would venture to point a very special reason why it should appeal to men, and particularly to Oxford men who may not be altogether pleased at the recent admission of women to degrees in the University of Oxford. The men's colleges have endowments to supply staff salaries and pensions, to provide for the promotion of advanced studies and research and the enlargement and upkeep of the buildings. The women's colleges have not, and by providing them therewith is probably the best way of encouraging women to be satisfied with their own colleges. Now that women are admitted to degrees they will naturally demand facilities for taking the highest and doing the best work that can be done. If these are not provided in their own colleges, they will surely make their way into the colleges where they are available—viz., the men's. And then——!



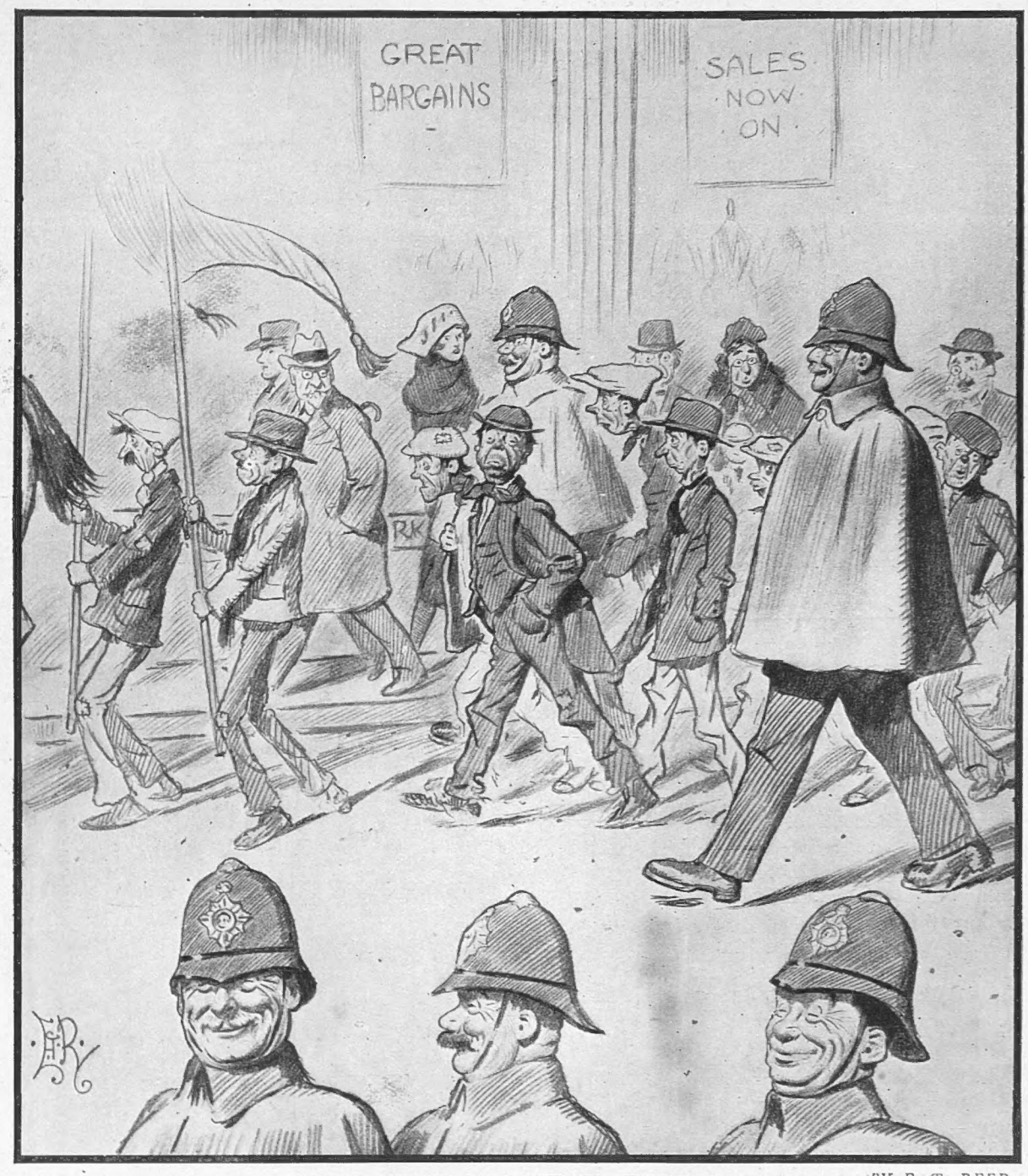
ISN'T IT CURIOUS By ALFRED LEETE

HOW THE LION WHO ROARS IN THE COUNTRY BECOMES A LAMB AS SOON AS HE GOES TO WESTMINSTER?

Carpentier, President, League of Nations?

ONE hears a lot of people who are very pessimistic about the League of Nations. They admit its ideal is fine, but declare that it is not possible of realisation. They point to the troubles all around and to others that seem brewing, and, on the whole, justify their pessimism fairly well. I would suggest that the League should add to its

Our Collectors



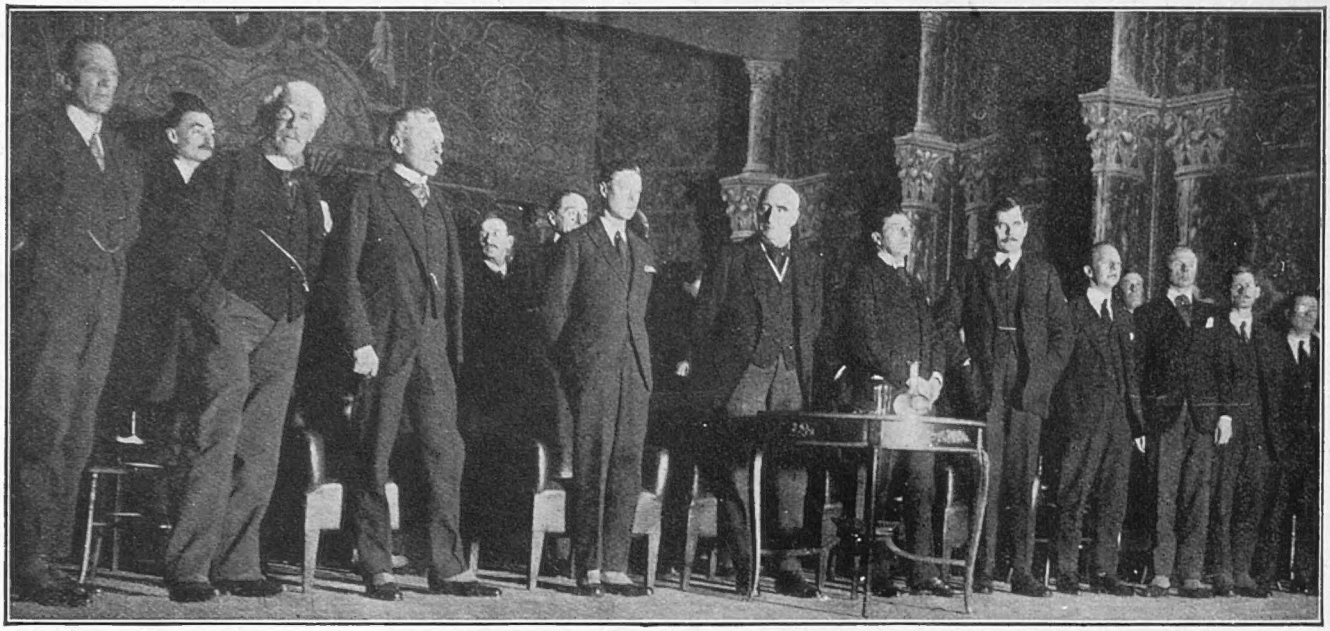
THE METROPOLITAN POLICE *BY E. T. REED*

Will anybody kindly tell us *where on earth, how,* and WHY our burly and obliging Police unearth and shepherd about the streets (with an engaging air of infinite precaution) small groups of squalid, shambling little individuals who are, and always would be, derelict and unemployed for perfectly obvious reasons. (What do the real, tragic unemployed who fought for us think of it?)

Council a body of men who have proved their ability to prevent bloodshed and strife. I cannot give all their names off-hand, and it would be invidious to mention only a few of them. But I certainly think that the Council of the League would be greatly strengthened by the addition to it of the men who have so long kept Mr. Dempsey and M. Carpentier at peace. We know, from themselves, that they are aching for battle. We know that almost fabulous sums have been offered them to fight. Yet there are men who have been able to keep them apart so far, and a report went forth last week that peace, definite and permanent, between them had been assured. The League of Nations can evidently learn something from men who can effect this sort of thing.

Free Meal Fund

THE number of ex-Service men and really necessitous poor who sometimes go for several days without a substantial meal, are now being catered for. The *Daily Graphic* has just revived its pre-war Free Meal Fund which provides substantial meals at their depots, which are established all over London. Donations for this deserving cause should be sent to the Relief Editor, *Daily Graphic*, Tallis Street, E.C. 4.



Photograph **A GREAT APPEAL FOR A GREAT CAUSE** *G. P. U.*

There was gathered a striking assembly at Drury Lane Theatre last week, when a scheme for Warrior's Day in aid of Ex-Service Men was inaugurated. The Prince of Wales presided. From left to right can be seen :—Mr. Gerald du Maurier, Sir Squire Bancroft, Earl Haig, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, Sir Arthur Pinero, Earl Beatty, Sir Hugh Trenchard, Sir Alfred Butt, and Mr. George Grossmith

Who, When & Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Links Between Four Ducal Houses

THE engagement of Lord Dalkeith to Miss Esther Lascelles is especially interesting because the marriage will unite the three ducal houses of Buccleuch, Devonshire, and St. Albans.

Lord Dalkeith is heir to the Dukedom of Buccleuch. His bride-to-be is the niece of the Duke of St. Albans, and on her grandfather's side is a close collateral of the House of Devonshire. That grandfather was Sir Frank Lascelles, so long British Ambassador at Berlin, and the shrewdest critic of the ex-Kaiser years before the world knew him for what he was.

Sir Frank's mother was a daughter of the house of Carlisle, and her grandmother was the famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire. His mother's sister, Harriet, married the second Duke of Sutherland, so the future Lady Dalkeith is *parentée* to yet a fourth Dukedom, and likewise stands in cousinship to various degrees of the family of the Earl of Harewood.

You will remember that a silly rumour coupled the name of Princess Mary with that of Lord Dalkeith some little time ago. I hope you remember, too, that your BYSTANDER told you then that the *canard* came from a footman who had put one and one together, when there were only noughts, from a conversation he had heard whilst waiting at table. He imparted his conclusion to a journalist *quelconque*, who gave it to a daily newspaper.

Footmen grow scarcer and scarcer, so, perhaps, the *canards* will grow scarcer too. There is plenty of room for them to shrivel in.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR

M. de Saint-Aulaire has just been appointed the new French Ambassador

Photograph *G. P. U.*

BARONET'S DAUGHTER MARRIED

Miss Margery Boot, the second daughter of Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., was married last week to Mr. Alexander Holman at St. John's, Westminster. Her gown was of white satin and Brussels lace. Lady Boot gave her away

Then and Now

A DAME, blessed with a multitude of pennies, who used to satisfy her social aspirations in the days before the ex-Kaiser opened the floodgates, by enter-

taining minor German royalties at her palatial house in London, inquired wistfully the other day, "I wonder what has happened to all those poor Grand Dukes and Princes? It must be so dull for them now they can't come to London."

What we call contemporary history is oddly silent about these former Very Big Littlenesses. Without any exception they all seem to have handed over their landed property to whatever form of Republican Government is established in their former States, probably on the principle that it is better to make a gift of what you know is going to be taken. The Republican Government may, or may not, have made a *quid pro quo*, but the case of the mediatised princes is very different.

When the German Empire was founded in 1870 a large number of petty royalties of all sorts of ranks and degrees gave up their sovereign rights and territories to all-conquering and dominant Prussia in return for an annual pension to themselves and their heirs "for ever and ever, Amen." It was, in most cases, a very profitable commutation. They went on being royal with a fixed and generous income, but with no scrap of responsibility or any cares of State.

The *débâcle* of Germany has swept all these pensions of the mediatised princes into the *Ewigkeit*. The Landgraf of Hesse, for instance, who in pre-war days was such a figure in musical circles in London, and always made his headquarters at the Berkeley, is living now in a very small house in Frankfort, in which room can barely be found for his faithful equerry, the equerry's wife, and their two children. Before the War the Landgraf had an income of £80,000 a year!

Princess Blücher has told us that some of the Saxon princes depended for their daily food upon the rations given them by the military authority. The little Courts of Pumpernickel are, indeed, in the dust. What will their children do? The supply of American heiresses is limited. A generation must pass before the daughters of English rich *industriels* will dare to put a meaningless German coronet upon their erstwhile School Board brows. Perhaps the swarm of German princelings will become motor-car agents or commercial travellers.

BUCKINGHAM COUNTY BALL
At the Town Hall, Buckingham, the Annual County Ball was a great success. Colonel Selby Lowndes is seen with Mrs. Norris Watts

LORD DALMENY
And Miss McCorquodale, who were also at the Buckingham County Ball

Indications—not in Auction

SOME excellent amateur theatricals have recently been given in the North. The inspirer of the enterprise is a passionate amateur of the theatre. At his

Photographs THE PORTMAN HUNT BALL *Sport and General*

Recently held at Blandford was attended by many celebrities. Lord and Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Portman, Lady Glynn, Capt. and Mrs. Learmouth (the secretary and his wife), Lady Moyra Dawson, and the Hon. Mrs. Anstruther were among the many dancers

MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT

The famous wife of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, is appearing in twelve special performances of "Lonely Lady——" a comedy by Nita Faydon, at the Duke of York's Theatre

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

own expense he engaged a professional "producer" to coach the players. The gay young people who had undertaken parts—with rehearsals don't-you-know that didn't interfere with the hunting or shooting—were amazingly disgruntled by the "producer." He demanded "colour," "temperament," "indication of personality," when they, pretty lambs, thought all they had to do was to learn their words and just say them.

The noble gentleman who engaged the producer took no part in the play himself, but he attended every rehearsal. One day, for a solid ten minutes, the producer explained to the heroine in the play how she should move to show this feeling; how she should pat a cushion to show that feeling; lift her eyebrows; twiddle her fingers, etc., etc.—all to show something or another.

When the poor damsel had finished struggling with these "indications," the lover in the play was allowed to come on. Just as he was beginning his first speech a voice from the wings interrupted him, the voice of the noble gentleman who had engaged the producer. "Mr.——I want you to walk from the fireplace to the window in such a way that the audience will know you have an aunt at Bath who has a passion for tomatoes!"

Collapse of the producer, and thumping success of my lord's theatricals.

Is it a Chestnut?

A YOUNG relative of mine told me recently that I was so old that I ought to have heard all the chestnuts. I reduced her to humility by replying that if you only live long enough the chestnuts of your youth become the "newest thing"—when you are old enough to be bald. Half the famous stories of the late War were told to me by my father *apropos* of the Crimea.

But aged as I am, I haven't heard this story. If it has found its way into other elderly sheep-folds I make my apologies. After all, none of us know *every* story—and there are still some young folks left.

Photograph *Central News*

FROM STAGE TO SNOW

Miss Ellaline Terriss, the well-known actress, has been staying at Murren for a short holiday, and is seen descending a luge run

A very nervous curate was reading the lessons for the first time. At the bottom of the page he read, "Now it came to pass that Aaron was sick." In his agitation

A FANCY DRESS BALL

Which was recently held at the Bear Hotel, Grindelwald. Most of the visitors to this delightful spot are English

he turned two pages instead of one, and read on sonorously, " and the lot fell on Moses."

If you know it already, tell somebody who doesn't.

Talkative Maidens and the Telephone Charges

If the new telephone charges come into operation a goodly number of the ultra-modern young women who virtually do all their correspondence by telephone—heart-to-heart talks with girl-friends and nice young men in the country included—will learn at last that speech is golden.

In pre-telephone days most people kept a small page-boy, part of whose duty it was to carry round his mistress's notes. With dear postage, dear telephones, and dear telegrams perhaps the page-boy would be cheaper now—until they make a Trade Union of Page-Boys or the Government nationalised the occupation.

Photograph **DONKEY RIDES!** *G. P. U.*
The Countess of Portales, Lord Bateman, standing next to the donkey, and Mr. Miller meet Monica, Lord Bateman's little daughter, on the promenade at Mentone

On the Riviera.

To see the Carnival grow is something worth while. A whole town turning gradually into a complex theatre, with scaffolding, staging, *decors*, *peintre-décorateurs*, *machinists*, electricians, and *accessoiristes* on all sides, working in *plein midi*, as it were, make a confusing and wonderful sight. The shops display the latest havocs in millinery and fine silks, masks and dominoes are on sale everywhere, and all in the name of that " feast of the flesh " which for eight long years has not been celebrated in the gay, careless town of Nice. The city is like a theatrical workshop, and all things point to a superb staging of the event. The Latins are simply great about the things that do not matter, and lose themselves in fluffy flummery like children amid dreams. That detachableness the English lack; they can only get drunk on strong liquid, and there is a sordidness in all their popular joys, be it football, Hampstead Heath, or Armistice. On the Riviera, though, the man from Yorkshire or Birmingham forgets his coldness and his years, and warms to the fantasy of it all in a manner almost disgraceful, for here his spirit goes on holiday far more than in any other locality in the world.

Photograph] **GOLF AT MANDELIEU** *[Topical*
Lady Markham, on the left, and Mrs. Stanley Homes setting off for a round of golf. Lady Markham, it will be recalled, was only married last month to Sir Charles Markham, Bart.

Photograph *Topical*
WINTERING ON THE RIVIERA
General Sir Arthur Paget, who has had such a distinguished military career, is seen chatting with the secretary of the golf course at Mandelieu, Mr. T. H. Ashton, on right

Here he *flâneurs*. It's a great art and a difficult one, but he attempts it every morning—on the Promenade des Anglais—on the terraces at Monte Carlo—often very much the way a club-footed man might jazz. To walk idly for hours in a listless yet graceful way is a thing he would scorn in other men at home—but in this

Photograph *G. P. U.*

ON MONT AGEL GOLF COURSE

Lord Northcliffe, on the left, has been staying on the Riviera on account of his health, which has been very poorly. Next him is Miss Edwina Ashley, the granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel. On the extreme right can be seen Sir Ian Malcolm

Photograph *Topical*

COLONEL PRETYMAN NEWMAN, M.P.

And his wife watching the professional lawn tennis finals at Beaulieu

ON THE RIVIERA (*concluded*).

Southland he would not miss being one of the throng. To see and to be seen is part of the Riviera life. Where a man might go to the Row once or twice during a season in London, here he would count that bright morning lost which did not see him on the Promenade, where arrogant riches picturesquely contrast with thrifty cheapness; where obscurity was never more in touch with celebrity.

EZE, where the Duchess of Marlborough has bought an estate, is one of the most romantic spots on the whole coast. A town built on the summit of a pointed rock, where the houses, leaning one against the other, give the appearance of one vast mediæval ruin. It is just far enough from Monte Carlo to escape what might be called contagion. Unique, witty, clever, and sensitive selection of the most ideal place on earth in which to waste time as they did in the Golden Age. Eze might be described as Warwick Castle up the pole.

MONTE CARLO is very full. Ciro's is open. 'Nuff sed! In the baccarat rooms of the Sporting the other night I saw Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Sir Harry and Lady Samuel, Lady Walsingham, Lady Tenterden, Lady Clancarty, and Sir Philip Burne-Jones—all fluttering, of course—but nothing desperate in the "playing" world is happening. The exquisite, white-haired millionairess *née* Rothschild, covers the tables, as usual, with lucre nightly—till they look like the Bank of France gone sick—but thus far to no sensational end. People with systems, whiskers and rheumatism are arriving daily.

Mont Agel increases in popularity. Many now motor up on the old 40 h.p. motor from La Turbie.

THE opera will be in full blast in a week or two. Pareto, who made an impression at last summer's dull Covent Garden season, is to sing. *Les Demoiselles de Saint-Cyr* is to be the chief creation, and MacCormack will be the top note. With Sullivan at Nice and John at Monte Carlo, Ireland, as usual, is all harmony except at home.

A Special Riviera Number of "The Bystander" will be published next week, February 2

In Sunny Sicily

BY HELEN McKIE

A FAVOURITE PLEASURE RESORT

The season in Sicily is now beginning. Taormina always attracts many English visitors, and is a favourite haunt where one may dine to the strains of beautiful Sicilian orchestras. There is good lawn tennis to be had, and another popular amusement are the donkey rides up the mountain paths to view Etna from the Greek Theatre

A Political Pot-Pourri

HICKSOGRAPHS No. VII.—"A LITTLE DUTCH GIRL"

The tale of a Princess who married a Prince by proxy, or, how to make a man marry when he won't. You can't see the Prince because he's yachting in Holland (not the Park), but the proxy Prince (Jack Hulbert) can be distinguished by his hat and coat (made by Powder and Puff, Ltd.). Maggie Teyte as the Princess and Lauri de Frece as her Lord Chamberlain do a lot of good work—especially with the marriage laws

The Betrothal

AT THE GAIETY

By "JINGLE"
Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

IN the old days the announcement of a betrothal at the Gaiety Theatre would have set people wondering as to who was to be the new peeress. Mr. Maeterlinck's play, however, is too serious a matter for such frivolity. It is a play with two sides. On the one side you have a beautiful idea developed with exquisite charm and grace, and on the other you have a highly controversial subject that may lead some people to be violently argumentative. The question is, in short, does a man choose his own sweetheart, or is she chosen for him by a remorseless destiny? Mr. Maeterlinck's answer is that she is chosen partly by his ancestors and partly by his immediate posterity. It is, I believe, a canon of Determinism that man is no more than the creature of his heredity and environment. That is to say, he has not a free will; and such a conclusion is as we know heresy to the *n*th degree. As to the casting vote of the next generation, I think it is Schopenhauer who declares that motherhood is simply the expression of the Will to be Born of the child not yet conceived. And in these days of unmarried mothers you have to think twice before indiscriminately giving young people a chance to make such a lovely excuse as that.

BUT it would not be fair to the production to create the impression that it is merely a play of metaphysical speculations and sesquipedalian terminology (Oh, dear!) It is just the simple story of our old friend, Tyltyl of *Blue Bird* fame, and if anybody has noticed a subtle relationship between Blue Birds and Betrothals, I trust he will have the grace to

keep it to himself. We begin first of all with the Fairy Berylune, played with great charm and most agreeable humour by Miss Winifred Emery, whom it is good to see in London again. The Fairy tells Tyltyl that it is now time he began to look for a wife. He says at first that he does not know any girl well enough to invite her to be a possible starter; but on cross-examination he admits that he is on pretty friendly terms with about half-a-dozen rather sweet young things. It seems to me, speaking as one who is a child in these matters, that that is at least something to be going on with. Furthermore, it transpires that their souls are so nicely attuned with his, that when he calls them by mental telepathy, they drop whatever they have in hand at the moment and rush round to his house to be kissed. After Tyltyl has made love to each of them in turn, with the other five looking complacently on in every case (no wonder they call it a Fairy Story !)the company adjourns to the ball-room for a merry little dance. This is a really superb scene. The lovely and tasteful colours of the dresses of the dancers give a kaleidoscopic effect to the proceedings that is gorgeously exhilarating.

THE scene depicting the Abode of the Ancestors is delightfully quaint, as also are the gentlemen themselves. The Great Ancestor (most convincingly represented by Mr. Henry Wenman), dates apparently from prehistoric times, so that the traditional modern boast of Norman blood would seem to be merely trifling with chronology. It is this primeval man who tells Tyltyl, with, at least, poetic truth, that the ancestors he sees around him are all inside him, and as they include a drunkard and a murderer it would seem fair to assume that Tyltyl will grow up a man of quite catholic tastes, and is hardly likely to develop the unctuous rectitude of Pharisaism. The ancestors inspect the girls who are candidates for Tyltyl's hand, and do not approve of any of them. But then that was to be expected. They never do! The only thing that can be done, therefore, is to adjourn the meeting and to proceed to the abode of the Unborn. It is at this stage of the proceedings that Miss Gladys Cooper, as Joy, comes into the middle of the picture. Hitherto she has simply hung around, swathed from head to foot in a white shroud that makes her look like a mummy that has been bleached. She has nothing to say until the middle of the second act, and the only chance for a bit of acting that comes her way up to

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS (*concluded*)

that point, is when she has a little fainting fit at the awful thought that Tyltyl might after all be snapped up by some other girl.

SOMEBODY once gave us the sterling advice to choose our parents wisely; and here you can see the children yet to be born engaged in the adventure in question. The six possible mothers are surrounded by the children and closely examined, but there is nothing doing. Then one of the children, the "Smallest of Them All," is drawn by a nice instinct towards Joy, and claims her, muffled and unrecognisable as she is, as the future mother of Tyltyl's family. The proceeding, from this bare description of it, sounds I daresay a little humorous; but it is really nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it is a scene of extraordinary tenderness and charm, represented with a rare excellence by Miss Gladys Cooper, and a most delightful child, Gabrielle Casartelli. The scene is very rightly greeted with a storm of applause, while optimistic young ladies who fancy that they have for an instant a glimpse of a very particular and personal future, sniff ominously at frequent and jerky intervals, and appear to be having the time of their lives. But the genius who described this as a play for children must have mixed something else besides his metaphors.

AN amusing, but not very comprehensible character is Destiny, vigorously played by Mr. Ivan Berlyn. At the beginning of the play he is an individual of gigantic proportions; but he diminishes in size as the story goes on, till at the end he is no more than a whimpering babe in arms. As far as I can see this gradual shrinkage must be a clear suggestion that Destiny is a very much overrated phenomenon. Yet we are told that a young man does not himself choose his future wife, but has her chosen for him by influences of the past and the future, and if that is not Destiny, I must have got my idea of the meaning of the word hopelessly mixed up. Once the Fairy Berylune says to Tyltyl: "You act as all men act who think they are doing what they want to do." It sounds like an article of faith of Omar the Tentmaker. But this is, of course,

the controversial side of the play, and is in no wise necessary to the full enjoyment of an extremely beautiful and thought-provoking entertainment. Tyltyl is played in a properly lively manner by Mr. Bobbie Andrews; while a sketch of a miser who reforms under fairy influences, gives Mr. William Farren a nice opportunity for some powerful acting of which he avails himself to the full. There are a number of delightful children, whose quaint talk of choosing a future mother sounds perhaps a little incongruous. After all, why not stick to the old nursery yarn of the gooseberry bush in the garden and leave it at that?

JINGLE

Koepenick-am-Rhein

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

SPECIAL "Weeks" are the order of the month on the Rhine. We ourselves have had a "St. Dunstan's week." The Rhinelander indigenous, as distinct from him in diggings or barracks for the occupation, has been having a "children's week." The crowds of Schiebers and profiteers pouring into expensive *cabarets* passed the children's collecting-boxes outside in a way which suggested that they were in need of "St. Dunstan's" aid, though possibly vision was restored by the wine-list. The contrast when a ragged woman newspaper-seller dropped a few pfennig notes into the children's boxes showed that Germany's moral redemption, if it comes, will do so from below, not above. The remarkable generosity of Rhineland's poor to its very poor must be reckoned a redeeming feature in a nation which spends more on its champagne than the Quakers from abroad on feeding its starving children.

THE council of a certain Rhenish township has recently been fooled by some unknown person whom the papers entitle the "Rhineland Koepenick." His achievement lacks the mirthful side of Koepenick's escapade, and, but that it was played on a town council instead of an individual, would be just a mean fraud. Late one evening an important-looking personage—it is easy to look important in Rhineland—a visiting-card inscribed "Herr Doktor"; a fierce moustache and a Prussian manner did the trick here—drove up in a car to the council house. He told a pathetic story of a nephew, who had enlisted in the French Foreign Legion. Broken-hearted parents in Dusseldorf, hearing of the wild young Rhinelander's desertion of his Fatherland, had sent Uncle to buy him out. The French barrack Commandant demanded the sum of three thousand marks for the release of this promising recruit, but Onkel had reckoned the youth's value to France as one thousand only. Failing purchase of his discharge, the nephew was to leave for France by the 6 a.m. train next day. What was to be done?

"It is easy to look important in Rhineland"

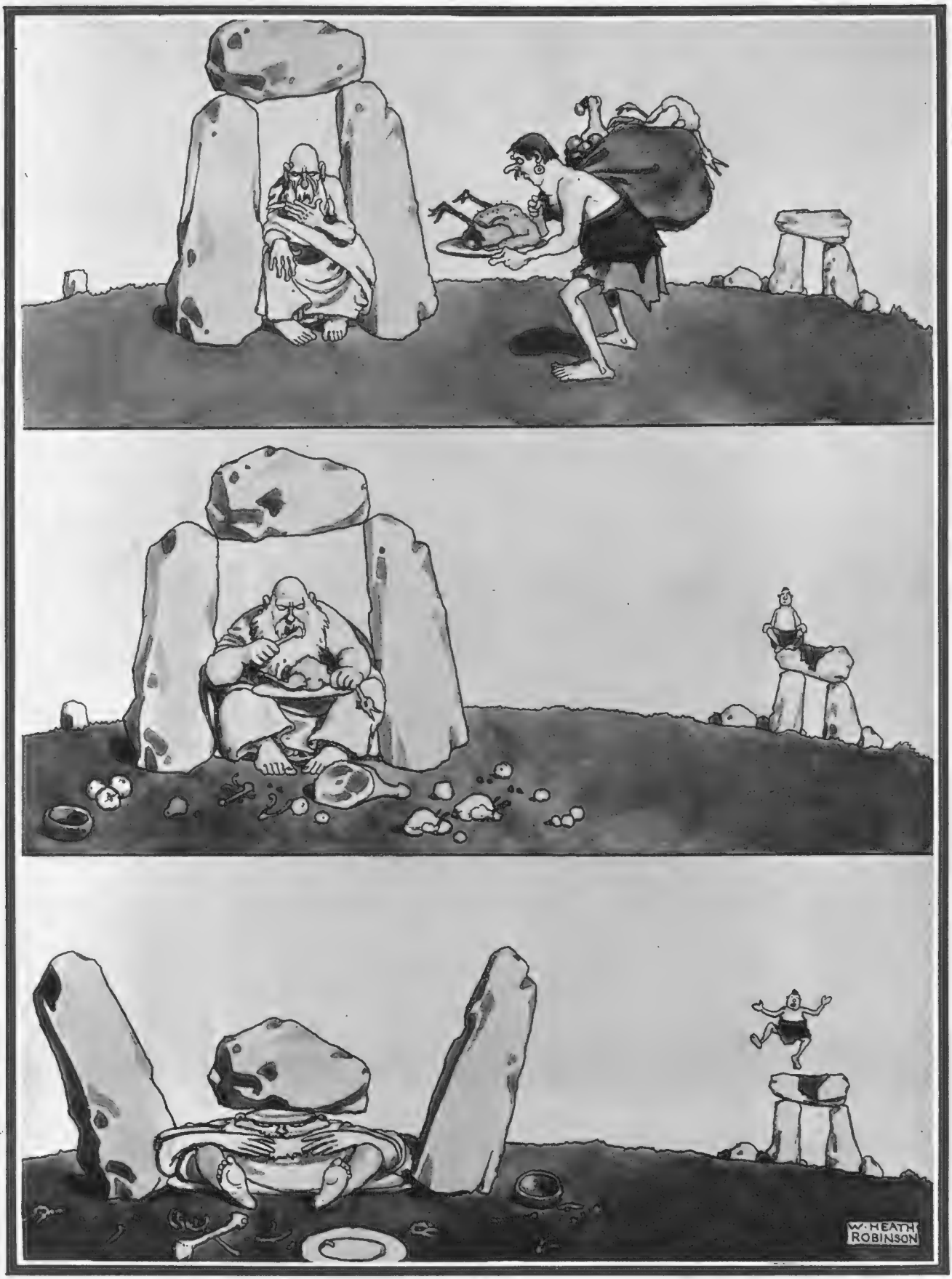
THE Mayor was dubious, but the pathetic picture of patriotic and broken-hearted parents in Dusseldorf weeping over the son lost to the Fatherland finally moved him. Enquiry at the best hotel having revealed the fact that the Herr Doktor was indeed staying there, the Municipal Savings Bank was drawn on for the necessary two thousand. The Herr Doktor would call at 9 a.m. next day with the money, for which he had already wired Dusseldorf.

THE following day—alas! The Mayor sat in his parlour—nine, ten, eleven struck—but no Herr Doktor appeared. His Worship eventually made four discoveries; first, that Onkel had left without paying his hotel bill; secondly, that the car had been hired in a neighbouring town; thirdly, that neither the Herr Doktor nor the broken-hearted parents were known in Dusseldorf; and fourthly, that the Commandant had not got the name of the nephew on his list of German recruits for the Foreign Legion.

RHINELAND is now the poorer by two thousand marks and the soft and patriotic heart of one mayor. ERIC GORDON

"Onkle had left without paying his hotel bill" BY H. L. OAKLEY

"Direct Action" in the Stone Age



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

REMOVING AN UNPOPULAR DRUID IN ANCIENT BRITAIN

"PEOPLE IN GLASS HOUSES . . ." By Joseph Lee

The Worker: "Well, thank Goodness, we're not idle like some people, Bill!"

BITERS BITTEN

III.—THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN

BY DELL LEIGH

Arbuthnot Bellairs was of that old school of racing men, now, alas, becoming effete owing to the softening effects of modern civilisation. The son of a Worcestershire Squire, himself the descendant of a long and unbroken line of Worcestershire squires, "Bar" Bellairs, as he was called by all and sundry, was broken to the saddle and the lores of horseflesh as soon as he could walk. Indeed, his mother's passion for hunting, she rode rushing, vicious chestnuts with infinite relish, may have accounted for the small, delicate frame of her only child, for nature hits back in strange ways. She bore no more children, and neglected Bar shamefully through the first ten winters of his life. So that the child's budding mind, abhoring the fatuities of a nursery governess, went for solace, and the answers to a myriad childish questionings, to the Bellairs' stables, and learned them from the mouths of stablemen and grooms. Moreover, during every hour of daylight, and through all the days of Eton holidays, his little legs were across some horse or other, and every trick known to a well-stocked hunting stable, and latterly, during visits to an uncle who trained for Princes and Profiteers at Newmarket, every twist and turn of trainings became to Bar as natural and as beyond question as appear to you and me such elementary matters as the daily shave and bath.

It was the keen-eyed uncle Bellairs who saw in his slip of a nephew, with the already somewhat bowed legs, the possibilities of jockeydom. The fine judgment Bar displayed in winning the County Point-to-Point on a tired horse across much heavy plough confirmed the view, and thereafter may be traced his settling down to learn the serious business a gentleman rider has to learn, when pitting himself and strange horses against men to whom the starting-gate is the bread, and the "allright" of the weigh-out the butter of a hard and intricate profession.

It was obvious the boy's heart and mind were there. There was, fortunately, no need for a livelihood by his brains; and, furthermore, the family looked with pride to see him wearing well-known colours at classical meetings.

They had not to wait long. A square man in a square hole soon learns his job. In three season's they gave up shoving him off at the starting-gate, rumping round on him when they lined up again to a testy starter, pinching him on the rails, or shouting suddenly "look up, sir!" when he was edging a half-frantic two-year-old into position. He began to repay all this with interest. And then he began to win races. Add to this a charm of manner, lineage, and a thorough knowledge of the tortuous

(Continued on page 184)

"Train Up the Child"

BY FRANK NEWBOULD

RUFFLED SHOPPER: "What! Ninepence ha'penny to Tooting Bec? Scandalous!"
BRIGHT CHILD: "Let's try the bargain basement, mummy!"

BITERS BITTEN (concluded)

channels of racing, gained from practical experience and close personal contact, and you have a bird's eye view of Bar Bellairs, a perfect gentleman, and one of the finest riders on the flat or over the sticks in the four countries.

There came a time, so many were his successes, when bookmakers tightened their mouths and lowered their prices as they saw his name go up on the board.

It was quite a usual thing to hear some man with a voice like the bulls of Basham giving tongue as follows:—

"Six to four Anodine; two to one Daisy; seven to one Foxglove, seven to one Foxglove—eh? (*To the whispering clerk.*) Is 'e? Four to one Foxglove. Four . . . etc." Bar Bellairs was up on Foxglove.

Came then a gradual change over the character of Bar Bellairs. The mentality of the man altered. Not noticeably, to the general race-going public; he was always the charming gentleman to a hundred acquaintances in the paddock. But to his intimates there was a change. It was not attributable to any particular woman, either. He had no use for women. It was something more subtle than that. I always said it was environment, the environment of the perpetual racecourse, where, say what you will, the scum of humanity predominates and tries unceasingly to stain a noble sport. But whatever it was, it was there. I date it, roughly, from the time when he began, surreptitiously, to back his own mounts. Mark you, he backed only the horses he himself rode, and those he backed to win. There was nothing in that. Everyone does it. But he had a run of amazingly bad luck. You remember when Fairmile broke a blood vessel coming up the straight. He dropped a parcel on her. And then the spill at Epsom, caused by that fool of an apprentice they put on Satanique. These misfortunes seemed to weigh unnecessarily heavy upon him, and from that milestone he took the way of most flesh, drink. He drank, not large quantities and often, which is curable, but nips here and there, increasing, as they always do, in quantity, until it got that deadly grip on him that shows itself in the puffy eye and mottled face.

His riding did not suffer overmuch. The man was a born jockey of the first order. But he had fewer wins where judgment was required. Though on a good one, over five furlongs, he was still a dangerous man to lay against. Only about three of us knew what a heap of money he had lost that season.

The climax came with Viking, that raking bay of Chesterton's, you remember. He was a reddish-hot favourite for the Glastonbury Cup, and the price had shortened down considerably. The public fancied it strongly, and the bookies were in a bad temper at lunch time. Bar had been asked to ride it the day before, and had given a grudging consent. The course betting showed 6 to 4 when the saddling bell rang. When they took the clothing off Viking he slithered and bickered about in an ominous way; he always was a vicious brute. But imagine our amazement, when the boy hiked Bar up, to see him slide off the other side and fall a stupified heap on to the grass!

Gossip on a race-course goes like dust before the wind. "Bar's drunk."

"What's that? Drunk? What the ——?" "Yes, he's just fallen off Viking!"

This was in the Ring in a moment, and presently they were offering 100 to 8 and getting few takers.

He rode him sullenly past the Stands, and they saw him jerk his mouth, viciously. Now Viking would never stand this, and the price jumped to 20 to 1 and stayed there.

Well, you know what happened. Viking won by five lengths. Bar was sitting down. They say he made a long nose as he passed Tattersall's. I don't believe that; he was too much of a gentleman. I never heard who put the money on for him. Of course, he won a packet. He was never more sober.

That is one way of doing it, anyhow, isn't it? DELL LEIGH

GREEDY! By WAL ROB

"Two elephants, please."

Famous Fiction Characters

BROUGHT TO LIFE UNDER MODERN CONDITIONS

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

SINBAD HAS A LITTLE TROUBLE AT THE PASSPORT OFFICE

Snow Sports Under

Photograph *L. N. A.*

Ski-jumping affords wonderful spectacular thrills, and the top photograph shows one of the famous Adelboden jumping-hills. We all know the delight of a bob-sleigh run—especially at the corners. The lower picture is a snapshot from Davos

r the Smiling Sun

Photograph **A SKI-PARTY** *L. N. A.*

A jolly group of enthusiasts setting out for a run at Lake Placid, previous to the Winter Sports Carnivals that have recently been held in this "suburb of New York"

A ski-ing party at St. Moritz. Reading from left to right are Mrs. Hutton, Captain Norman, Miss Doyle, and Captain Porritt. In some of the lower districts the snow was only an inch or so deep, but recent heavy falls have added greatly to everyone's enjoyment

On the Shores of Happy Honolulu

MILDRED LEO CLEMENS' HAWAIIAN MUSICIANS AND DANCERS

Who are to be seen at the Philharmonic Hall. The production is a combination of singers and cinema. Her film "Happy Hawaii" includes pictures of natives surf riding, a most thrilling sport, and awe-inspiring scenes of Volcano Kilauea in eruption. The latter is accompanied with native chants to the God of Fire. Ane Hila, one of the performers, had the honour of dancing before the Prince when he visited Honolulu last year. Kamaki Pahu, vocalist, acted as his lifeguard

The Bystander in Paris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

MY HYÉRES, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE HAT

MES AMIS—

THERE is not many times that one has read a true story about the Riviera. This is one. Most of the travellers to the Cote d'Azur lose all the sense of where the reality leaves off and the imaginative begins. Summer suns in the winter have on them an effect to make even their most prosaic doings the romance. Perhaps it should have been the same with me. But for my hat.

THE history of my hat was sad—for me. For you it will have of the amusement. But it has also the moral. That is why, although I break all the rules that a story of the Riviera must not ever be depressing, I discourse. About a hat. *Mon chapeau à moi.*

IT is a long history. I mean it has taken a long time to happen. It has continued from the end of the last season to the beginning of this. I am still fresh of the wound. But that will put the emphasis to my warning. You, who go to the Riviera, do not take any hat. Or, if you absolutely must, do not leave it off your head while to travel in a train, either to go or to come back. If you do you have put every employee of the railway on the mettle. And by the time you have been visited at home by deliverymen, inspectors, supervisors, and *chefs-de-service*, all with the claims made out against you, you will have probably decided there is nothing so delightful as the barehead fashion *à la* Raymond Duncan.

THE history has begun in the wagon-restaurant, where there has been a girl with Midi eyes. We have been the opposites at one of the *petits tables à deux*. You know how these lucky meetings do occur. "*Une place*, Monsieur ?" inquires the *maître*. "*Par ici*," he goes on, when you have rather shyly murmured "*Oui*," and then he draggles you along and puts you down beside a table where the other *une place* is already in the occupation. Sometimes you do not have a pleasant *vis-à-vis*, and so you do not say a word. Not even with the liqueurs. Other times it is a *rencontre charmante*, and you make a swift acquaintance at the *hors d'œuvres*. This was of the better sort. We have discovered an affinity of tastes at the *céleri rémoulade*. It is while she has had her thoughts and her fork occupied in gathering up the little strips that I have had the chance to look uususpected at those blue-black eyes. Midi eyes are wonderful, don't you think ? They almost make you *frissonner*. I have not been able to keep a thought for anything but those sombre-shadowed pools of witchery. I have gone through the meal in a daze. I have had hopes of many delicious meetings—till I have been told the sad news that she is to leave the train at Marseilles.

"Midi eyes are wonderful——"

"*À la* Raymond Duncan"

IT is not any wonder that I have returned to my compartment, with my thoughts full of the dark-eyed stranger and that I have been in a reverie until we have been coming to near Dijon. Then my head has had a chance to recollect that it has need of a hat. Also, it has not been slow to link the absent *chapeau* with the Midi eyes, for it was in the rack above the little table that it has been reposed. *Pas* grave ! It means only a little walk to the wagon-restaurant to get it back.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

"The history has begun in the wagon-restaurant"

BUT when I arrive at where the wagon-restaurant has been I learn the information it is there no more. It has been taken off the hook at Marseilles. It is a good hat, so I think it worth the while to post a little note from Dijon to the railway managers at Marseilles to tell them of the loss. Of course, I do not expect to get the hat by the return of post. I have, in fact, much of the surprise when so quickly as eight days I get a document to say the hat is found "and will be sent to the owner on receipt of a written request for same." I have thought the railway gentleman a charming fellow to write so nicely and so quick, so I have sent him a "request for same" on my best parchment paper at once. At the end of fifteen days there has come a letter from another charming person at Marseilles, who says the hat has been found and that the owner may obtain it "if he will forward written request for same."

IT has appeared that at Marseilles the railwaymen are collectors of "requests for same," just as other people collect the postage stamps or *livres rares*. It may be that explains why it is that they are so polite. In any case it has seemed a harmless pastime, and I have not wished to create any jealousies, so I have sent the second collector a "request for same."

THERE must have gone wrong something then, for the next letter from Marseilles is of the *chef-de-gare*, who says the hat has been quite safely sent to me, and I will find it at the Paris terminus. This gives more witness of the *politesse de Marseilles*. It is almost a pleasure to have lost the hat to encounter such kind consideration.

I GO with all the quickness to the station, not to keep such courteous people waiting. But here I have a little disappointment. The keeper of the *objets trouvés* says the hat has not arrived. It has been forwarded to Paris, there is no doubt, but *en route* has been *détourné*. I am advised to claim for 125 francs, the value.

ON this I write to all the pleasant-mannered railway gentlemen, who naturally encourage me to add to their collection of "requests for same." We have exchanged the delicately phrased little notes for something like four months. It is that we could have been doing that now still, but for the accident that this hat has been found.

ONE day that I have been not at home the delivery-men have brought a parcel which they say is my now famous hat. Virginie has been *enchantée* till the man has said there is a bill to pay of ninety francs. He has not known the reason, and as Virginie will not pay, the hat cannot be left. As soon as I have learned of this then off I go to make the questions at the station. Here I learn that ninety francs is for the storage charges. The hat has been, from April 26 to October end, in the storage at Hyéres. I tell the *chef-de-service* it is Nice where I have stayed, and so there is not any excuse to send the hat to Hyéres. But he has his orders, and he cannot vary.

"No hat remains, only portions"

I DO not see the right to pay the railway ninety francs for my own hat. Yet still I think I would much like to see it once again. I do. But when the packet has been opened I find there is no hat remains. Only portions. *Cher témoin* of my meeting with those Midi eyes, nothing but tattereds and torns after months of wait at Hyéres!

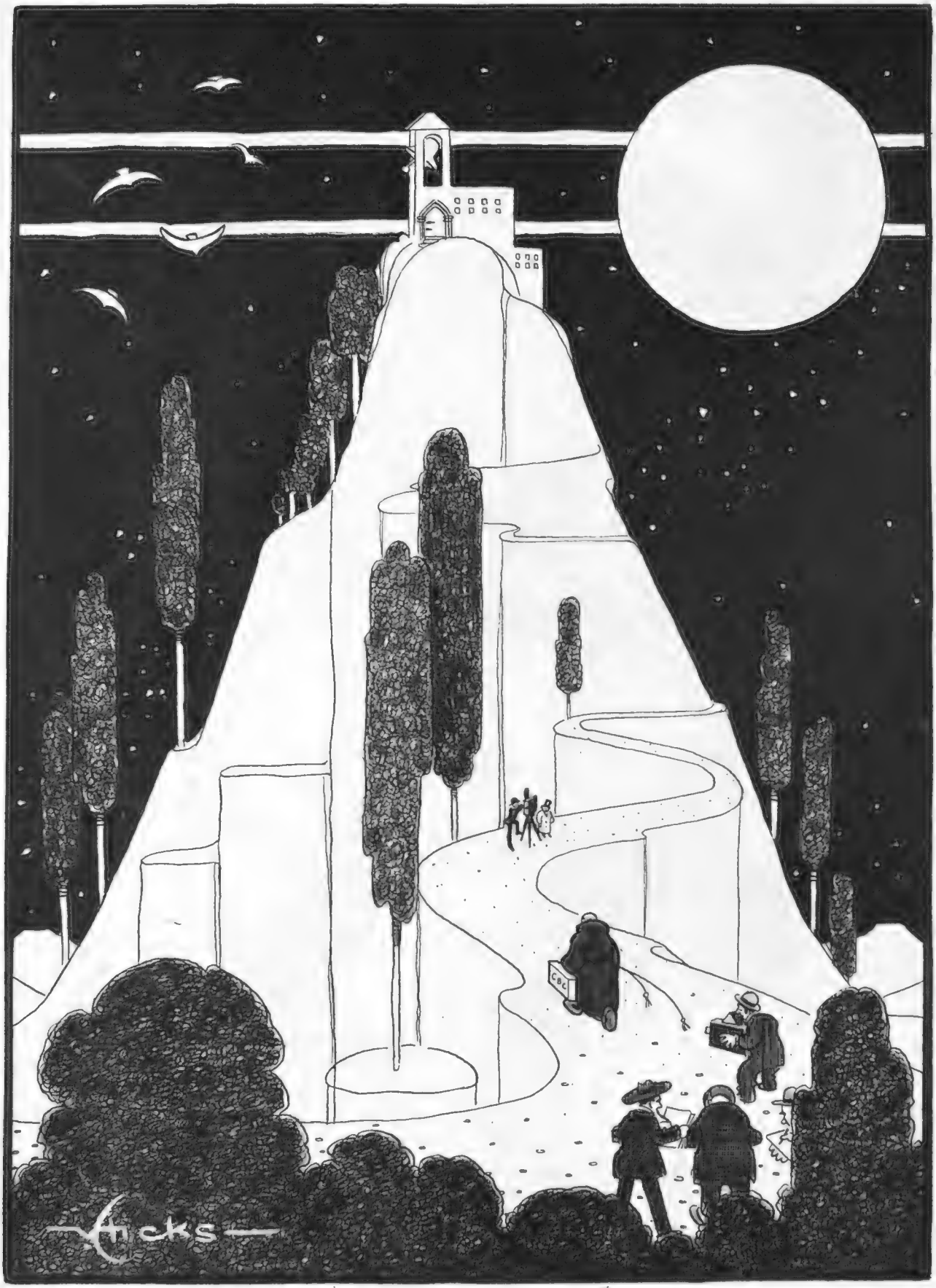
FILLED with the sadness I decide to settle with the *chef-de-service*. He pays the value of the hat and I repay the storage. What is left for me will almost buy a hatband. How I wish the midnight-eyed one had taken the hat for a keepsake! ROLAND

BY MACMICHAEL

A LITTLE WIND-UP-WEST

Things That Never Happen

OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE



BY VICTOR HICKS

No. VII.—MR. C. B. COCHRAN ENTERS A MONASTERY IN AN ENDEAVOUR TO ESCAPE PUBLICITY

The Compleat Wangler:

AN OLD STORY RE-TOLD WITH THE ORIGINAL NOTES GREATLY AMPLIFIED

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

FIRST DAY

A conversation between a first-class wangler and a chance wayfarer.

PRIMINSTER AND VIATOR

PRIMINSTER: Good morning to you! I have overtaken you hoping your business may occasion you to yonder noble House whither I am going this fine morning [1].

VIATOR: Sir, I for my part shall answer your hopes, for my purpose is, indeed, to go to that very House you speak of in order to hear with mine own ears what is said there, for I have no mind to trust the writers in our Press, who, to my thinking, write more from bias than from a love of truth.

PRIM.: Sir, I am right glad to hear your answer, for it is my purpose this very day, as you shall presently hear, to trounce some of these very villains, for I hate some of them perfectly; indeed, so much so that in my judgment many of them should be degraded to our peerage or even be made O.B.E.'s [2], they do so much mischief.

VIAT.: Why, Sir, I pray you of what fraternity are you that you so detest these same writers?

PRIM.: I am, Sir, a Wangler—in fact, the Senior Political Wangler of this realm, and, therefore, an enemy to the writer for the Press, except such, indeed, as do praise my wangling, and you are to note that we wanglers all love one another, and, therefore, do I hate the adverse writer both for my own and for their sakes who are of my brotherhood.

VIAT.: And I profess myself a humble taxpayer, and have heard many grave and serious men pronounce your wangling as a contemptible, dull and even dishonest occupation.

PRIM.: It is an easy thing, Sir, to scoff at even an art like Wangling—for look you, Political Wangling is without doubt an art. It is observable that all the greatest men have been—and still are—devoted Wanglers. Take that great doctor Addisonius who manipulated figures so deftly that none could tell to a thousand or two how many houses (if any) were completed in a given month. There are those that profess to believe that figures can be reduced to an exactitude so fine as to be capable of giving information to even mean intelligences. But the good doctor [3], you will admit, clearly demonstrated by his astute wangling that on the contrary figures may be so arrayed as to convey no meaning at all.

VIAT.: Sir, I am now so full of expectation that I long for you to proceed.

PRIM.: Well, Sir, as to the antiquity of wangling I shall not say much, though some say that it is as old as Noah who when he made the contract for the building of the Ark grossly miscalculated the number of animals to be accommodated, and was forced to have recourse to what is by most people considered a purely modern artifice, to wit, a Supplementary Estimate [4]. It was as you may remember an ingenious Frenchman who said that "estimates were made for wise men to contemplate and for fools to pass without consideration." And though I will not rank myself in the number of

1. The author is mistaken in using the word "morning," for, at the time he writes of, Priminster rarely, if ever, went to the House, save on Thursdays at 3 p.m. to answer questions.

2. A punishment which in those days was, in fact, frequently inflicted

3. Hence the phrases "to doctor accounts," "to doctor figures," used commonly to-day.

4. It should be remembered, however, that at the time there was no great demand for economy, and that in any case labour and material being plentiful and cheap the "Supplementary" referred to could not have been a large one.

By W. E. WIGFULL

A MATTER OF INCHES!

(The Bishop of Nice, while condemning extreme décolletage as indecent, says no one could expect him to express it in terms of inches)

the first, yet give me leave to free myself from the last by offering to you a short contemplation first of Departments and then of the so-called "limpets," which inhabit them; concerning which I doubt not but to give you many observations that will enlighten and entertain you considerably. And here, be it noted, that there be so many wonders reported and written of these Departments and of the several creatures that be bred and live in them, and that by authors of good credit and those of none (one of the latter being more particularly in my mind[5]), that there is need to have great care in examining their historical faith.

As, namely, of a Department for the Exchange of Labour, which, according to this writer, is used neither by Master nor Man; of another Department so grandiose in its conception that it maketh the writer indulge in Transports of laughter nigh unto death; of yet another which having no building of its own has seized an Hotel in which it would appear it is the main occupation of the young girls who lick the flaps of the envelopes[6], to prepare tea, and in any other spare time they may have to knit articles of clothing so designed that the wearer may readily leap into them when in a hurry to depart[7]. But here we are at the House at last, so I must lay aside my discourse till another occasion.

(*To be continued*)

By Frank R. Grey

"GLORIOUS NATURE"

THE PROFESSOR: "Wonderful, is it not, sir, how Nature provides for the needs of mankind?"
FOOLISH FRIEND: "Oh, rather! What, for instance, could be more convenient than ears to hook one's spectacles over?"

5. A reference, no doubt, to one Lovatus Phraserus, a writer of the Italic school, whose frequent discourses on "limpets" were a source of great annoyance to good wanglers.

6. Doubtless the originals of our modern "flappers."

7. These garments are probably "jumpers," and it is possible that the term "Department" owes its origin to the anxiety of these young women to leave or "depart" at an early hour.

NEXT WEEK!

SPECIAL RIVIERA NUMBER

OF "THE BYSTANDER."

Special notes and photographs of well-known personalities on the Riviera

Riviera Fashions illustrated by sketches and photographs.
Riviera Nights Entertainments.
Riviera Sport fully illustrated.
Verses, Light Skits, Short Stories and Articles, from Special Correspondents in the Sunny South.

Drawings in colour and black and white by:

FLEMING WILLIAMS	ALBERT BAILEY	D'EGVILLE
FRANK MASON	W. HEATH ROBINSON	ELSA COURLANDER
BAIRNSFATHER	GRAHAM SIMMONS	HOWARD ELCOCK
HIGGINS	ALFRED LEETE	ROSE LE QUESNE, &c., &c.

IN ADDITION TO THE USUAL FEATURES

ON SALE FEBRUARY 2nd. - - One Shilling

The Tragedy of Modernity

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

ONCE UPON A TIME

BY APPOINTMENT

Rowntree's Chocolates

"The Standard of Excellence"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE." *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *January* 24

DEAR COUSIN—

THESE are really rather hard days, aren't they, that we've woke up to, now that the mists of our Christmas dreams have rolled right away and the fumes of our holiday pleasure potations been quite cleared from our once more workaday brains? Hard times, and, according to all the prophets, a good deal worse to come.

卐 卐

SEEMS we really have reached, and even passed, a sort of a kind of a turning-point of national prosperity and all that sort of thing. Great post-War trade boom, as predicted, followed (also according to forecast) by corresponding slump. Why the beautiful bubble's burst no one quite exactly knows. Partly, p'raps, because of the profiteers trying to make too much profit and partly the workers wanting (and striking for) wages beyond the dreams.

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ANYWAY, there it is, apparently. Works and mills and mines and factories are closing down right and left, and the ones that have stayed open talking about working "short time," so's to give a share of what there *is* to do to as many as possible. But all the same, unemployment's grey shadow is over the land, and goes on getting darker and darker. Nearly nine hundred thousand out of work when the year started, and I expect there's lots more by now. Here in London alone there are at least a hundred and fifty thousand, and many of them, of course, are ex-service men, too.

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OF course, I suppose it's partly their fault, and certainly was rather the limit when the Labour people positively *refused* to join the Government and the employers in working out a plan to stop this very thing—Heaven knows why, because it was really their own scheme. But can't look too awfully closely and logically into rights and wrongs, can we, when it's a matter of cold, brutal facts, and whosever fault it is, you can't get away from the frightfulness of all these people, men, women, and children, being faced, in this bleak January of ours, with cold and starvation—for, after all, that's what it comes to, doesn't it?

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THEN there's *us* too (s'posing us, that is, to be still in the enjoyment of our slender pittance)—not sure we're so *very* much better off, really, what with our perfect nightmares of rates and taxes, which in the end, by the way, I suppose 'll have to go up *still* more to pay for some scheme for employing the unemployed! Even water's to cost us double what it does now—which is rather a nasty knock for the Pussyfooters, what? And as our National Debt's

"A twopenny breakfast egg!"

gone up by a trifle of four hundred millions in the last year, and our revenue, 'parently, falling by at least a hundred million . . . well, looks as if very soon we may be, some of us, positively envying the aforesaid poor unemployed. Their net income may be *nil* too, but at least they don't have to work for it!

"Well-brushed and well-powdered people"

卐 卐

STILL, the worst of clouds sometimes have quite passable linings, and the trade smash and slump and general desolation has at least done one good thing—knocked prices down. A bit, that is—though, as one cautious commentator is careful to remark, "no sensational return to pre-War figures must be expected." Considerable consolation, all the same, to know that one can once more, without facing absolute and immediate ruin, stock the larder with such household necessaries as bacon or flour or sugar or biscuits or fruit, that clothes and boots

really have got cheaper (or should I say less dear?), and that there's even a more or less authenticated rumour of, in the quite near future—a twopenny breakfast egg!

卐 卐

AFTER all, you have to take the rough with the smooth, don't you? as the girl said when she found a beetle in her Bronx. And the world's never really quite so black as it looks, if you only look at it the right way. Our own little London seems, somehow, to be working out its own salvation, as far as the ordinary things of life go, anyway. Theatres continue to play to excellent houses (considering the after-effects of holidays) and new plays to be produced, whatever may happen. Dances appear to be going as strong as ever. Ciro's, the Grafton, and all the best old-established dance places are well populated every evening with the usual crowd of well-brushed and well-powdered people, and even the newest inventions like the Knightsbridge Club (at the hotel of the same name) draw a large and ever-growing *clientèle* under the auspices of Major Roy Anderson, D.S.O., who is also secretary of the Royal Air Force Club.

"Bond Street every morning is crowded with shoppers"

ON *dit* that London is empty, but there are no very obvious signs of its being so. Bond Street every morning is quite sufficiently crowded with shoppers, and if there was anyone of your acquaintance sufficiently enterprising to join in the throng which visited the sales . . . well, I hardly think, somehow, that they would have come to the conclusion that London was under-populated. The rush to the Riviera continues—stimulated, possibly, by the visit of the *toujours intriguant* Winston to Nice—and the return of frost and snow caused a heavy reaction last week in favour of the winter sports places, where for a week or two before there had been very little to do but look out of the window and just watch the rain pouring down.

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I'M not sure, you know, that the most serious thing that faces us just now—apart from Labour troubles, which I do believe will settle themselves in the end, if only both sides keep the Bolshies AND the Tories off the track—isn't the growing, gathering cloud between England and France. There's really no reason for it—no reason, that is, which a proper, friendly discussion of all the points at issue couldn't settle in the most friendly way. Still, musn't harp on the gloomy side, must we?

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE.

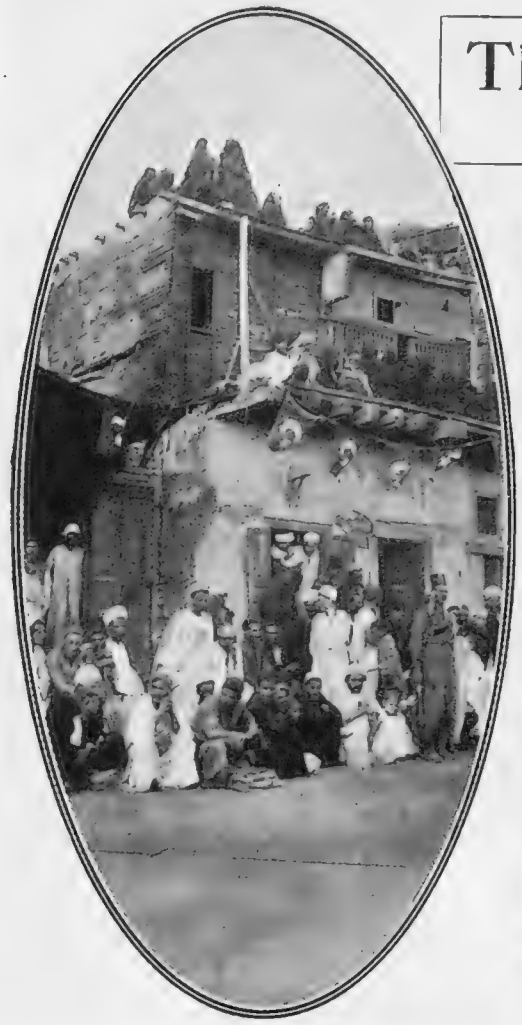
Bill and Bert

A NEW BAIRNSFATHER SERIES

Began in the "Daily Graphic" on Monday morning with the amusing cartoon above. Captain Bruce Bairnsfather will now have his place in the "Daily Graphic" every day. "Bystander" readers, who know Old Bill so well, should not miss his amusing comments in our contemporary

The Sultan of Egypt's Visit

TO SHEBIN EL KOM

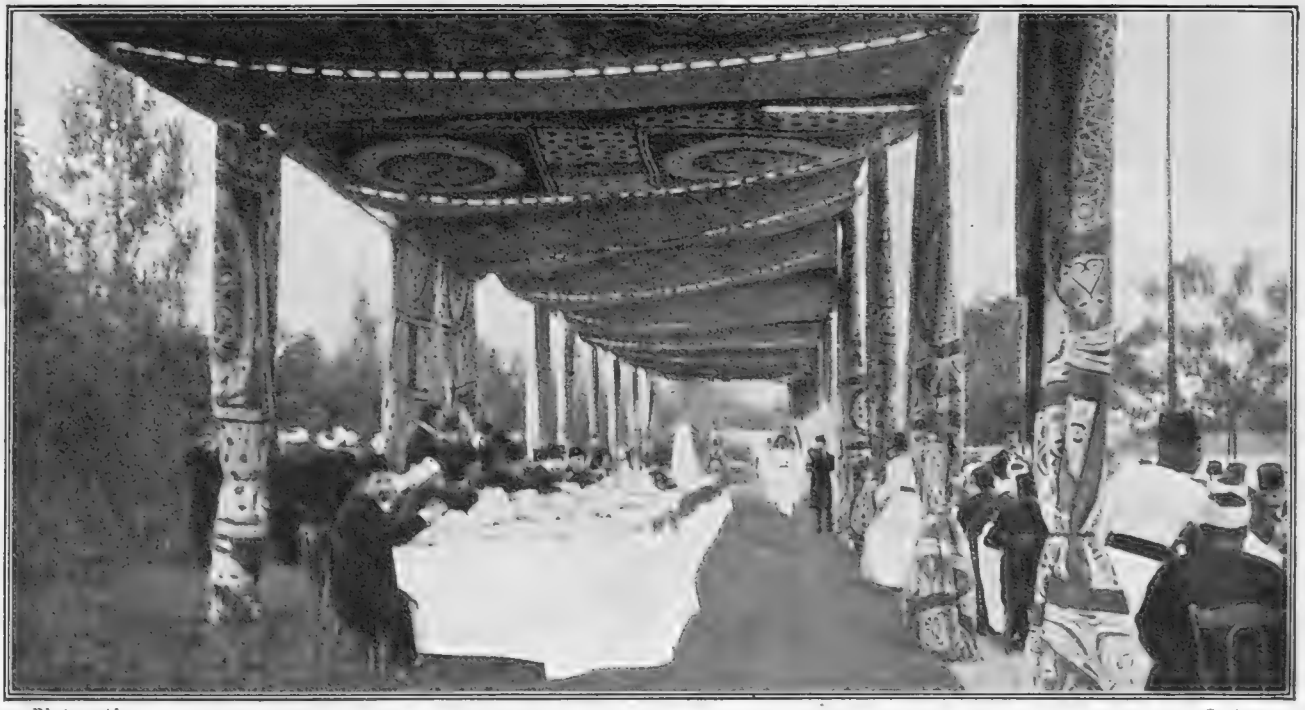


AWAITING HIS COMING

The natives of Shebin El Kom crowded the streets to see the Sultan pass. He visited the schools, hospitals and all the public institutions

THE SCHOOLGIRLS' GIFTS

The Sultan of Egypt is seen receiving presents for his son, Prince Farouk, at a girls' school in Shebin El Kom. His visits have embraced most of the principal towns in the various provinces of Egypt



Photographs G. P. A.

A TEA-PARTY

The Sultan entertained lavishly during his stay at the different towns, and is here seen giving a tea-party to over four hundred guests. Unrest in Egypt has been prominent of late, and his extensive tour has had the good effect of quieting the impressionable natives who have been agitated by "Red" propagandists

Photograph] THE MASTER OF THE CATTISTOCK [*Sport and General*

The Rev. E. A. Milne has been Master of the Cattistock for over 20 years, and hunts his own pack. The country around Wrackleford, where this meet took place, is well stocked with foxes, and provides excellent runs

RACING NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

Royal Bucks' Owner

It was quite a pleasure at the recent Hurst Park meeting to see the unfeigned delight which Mary Marchioness of Queensberry displayed in the success of Royal Bucks. Many owners endeavour to assume the stony mask of indifference when they pull off a good race, but Lady Queensberry has not been racing long enough to attempt to disguise her pride in the triumphs that come her way, and she has every reason to be proud of Royal Bucks.

Women on the Turf

A feature of present-day racing is the number of women who are taking an active interest in the sport. Time was when the late Duchess of Montrose was practically the only lady owner. Then came Mrs. Langtry with Merman, Yentoi, and other good horses. Now there are dozens of ladies on the list of owners, though unhappily one of the keenest of them was lost last year by the sad death of Madame Varipati. The Grand National has been won by a woman, and so was the Cesarewitch last year. Lady James Douglas has won the Derby with Gainsborough and the Oaks with Bayuda, and the Dowager Lady Nunburnholme owns a string of horses which promise to do well in the coming season. Truly, this is the age of woman in sport.

By "The Tout"

"WHAT PRICE ROYAL BUCKS?"

Mary Marchioness of Queensberry is caught looking up at the starting price of her well-known performer, Royal Bucks, after he had won the New Year "Hurdle" at Hurst Park the other day. Royal Bucks picked up the "City" nearly two years ago, and is in the Spring Handicap again this year

Spring Favourites

I see they have made Poltava favourite for the Lincoln and Always for the Grand National. If you wanted to take a "double" about these two horses I doubt whether you could get a better offer than 80 to 1, which to my idea is preposterous in view of the fact that the weights have not yet appeared. Both horses are likely to be well looked after by the handicapper. A great argument is now going on among racing folk as to the weight Always will be allotted. I think we shall find him close to the 12 st. mark, but I find plenty of people who say that he will be given 7 lb. more, and quite a number who think he ought to get 7 lb. less than the weight I have stated. He is now being quoted at 9 to 2, surely a ridiculous price to take about a horse who is bound to be among the top weights for the great steeplechase. Mind you, I honestly believe that Always is an exceptionally good jumper, but I would rather back him on the day of the race than take the ridiculously false odds now being tendered.

A Likely Stable

Tom Coulthwaite has not been in a hurry to make a start with his new string at Hednesford, but you can depend upon it that his horses will be perfectly schooled when they do make their appearances over the sticks. He has excellent material to work upon, and will probably win some good hurdle-races in the second half of the jumping season with animals like Celestial, Sea Song, Haki, Northfleet, and Novello. He even hopes that Eamon Beag will bring another Grand National to the stable. At Newbury last week

we had a first glimpse of Galroy over hurdles. He still looks a long way from being worth the £10,000 which Lord Lascelles gave for him, but he ran quite creditably and should win a race or two before the end of the season.

Kempton Prospects

SOME interesting sport should be seen at Gatwick and Kempton Park this week. There is a powerful acceptance for the Kempton Hurdle Handicap on Friday, with the champion White Heat a long way at the head of the weights. I do not like opposing Lady Watts's brilliant performer, but I think the handicapper has found his measure this time, and I expect **Planet** to win. On the following day there is promise of a good race for the Cranford Steeplechase. I anticipate the success of **Old Tay Bridge** who is quite likely to prove the best of Bob Gore's lot in the Grand National.

Photograph *Photo Illustrations Co.*

WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BEAGLES

The R.A.F. Beagles who met recently at Thorney House, Colnbrook, had an excellent run, and their meets in and around this district usually result in some good sport

Hunting Notes

Settled!

I SINCERELY hope that the lamentable imbroglio in the Whaddon Chase country is now settled for good and all. One is glad to know that at the Hunt meeting last week a more amicable spirit than had prevailed for a long time made itself felt. The chief cause of the removal of the discontent is the decision of the present Hunt Committee to take over Colonel W. Selby-Lowndes's pack of hounds. I have not heard the actual price given for them, but even if it was in excess of an independent valuation of the hounds it was well worth while to pay it for the sake of peace and quietness. Several of Colonel Selby-Lowndes's staunchest supporters were elected to the Hunt Committee, and there seems no reason why things should not go on smoothly in future under Lord Orkney's Mastership. I am glad to know, too, that the ugly little dispute on the edge of the Essex Union country has just been settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. Hunting has quite enough difficulties in these days without its votaries squabbling among themselves.

The Belvoir Change

RESIGNATIONS have followed swiftly on each other this month. One of the latest is that of Major T. Bouch, who for a good many seasons has hunted the Belvoir country. These hounds still belong to the Duke of Rutland, but the country has changed very much in character during recent years owing to the sale of many thousands of acres of the ducal estate.

Photograph *Central News*

LADY BUTE

And her daughter at the meet of Lord Eglinton's foxhounds at Caprington Castle, near Kilmarnock

Photograph *Topical*

A FAMOUS M.F.H.

The sudden death of Major Clive Wilson, D.S.O., at his home, Little Tranby, came as a great shock to his many friends. He was Master of the Holderness Hunt

Happily, the new owners are, for the most part, good supporters of hunting, and there is every prospect that the Belvoir will maintain its important position among English Hunts for many years to come. It is one of those packs, however, whose Masters must have a long purse. I am afraid that in these days it is no use for a comparatively poor man, however well qualified he may be in other directions, to endeavour to run a fashionable hunting country. The expenses will beat him every time. A. W. C.

Photograph *Topical*

THE BOAT-RACE IN THE OFFING AGAIN: OXFORD'S FIRST OUTING

The start of practice on the Isis and the Cam for the 'Varsity boat-race always serves as a pleasant reminder that the Spring is not such a very great way off. Owing to the heavy gales last week practice was carried on under very adverse conditions and oarsmen at both universities had some exciting experiences

Sports and Pastimes

SPORT AND THE GOVERNMENT

France's New Minister

THE announcement that the French Government will in future include a Minister of Sport has been received in this country for the most part with a sort of half-contemptuous admiration for the thoroughness with which the new France is settling down to the work of reconstruction. To the English mind there is no doubt something almost whimsical in the idea of making sport the subject of Ministerial control, and yet I am not at all sure that we might not take a leaf out of the French book with advantage to ourselves. I do not advocate the appointment of a Minister of Sport or Athletics for England, but I do contend that the nation, if left to itself, will soon have the evils of physical deterioration added to its other troubles.

Letting Things Slide

WHEN the War came to an end, and it was realised what a big part athletics had played in the winning of it, there was any amount of talk about what was going to be done by the Government—as part and parcel of that mythical scheme for making England a fit place for heroes to live in—to promote physical fitness and the enlargement of the A 1 category by the encouragement of games and healthy outdoor recreation generally. But the matter never got beyond the talking stage. Not a single thing has so far been done, and it is the C 3 category which is at present increasing, whilst as far as games are concerned we are becoming more and more every day a nation, not of players, but of onlookers. We pride ourselves on being the greatest sport-loving nation in the world and our governors are apparently content to leave it at that. France has not appointed a Minister of Sport for the fun of the thing. She has done it as a precaution against a threatened danger. We on the other hand, are content, as usual, to let things slide.

Photograph *Sport and General*

R. BOTCAZOU

The wonderful French boy golfer, who at Folkestone last week was second in the East Kent Professional Golfers' tournament, after returning the lowest score in the qualifying competition. He is not yet sixteen, and works at the North Foreland Club, where he has the advantage of having Abe Mitchell as his mentor

GOLF

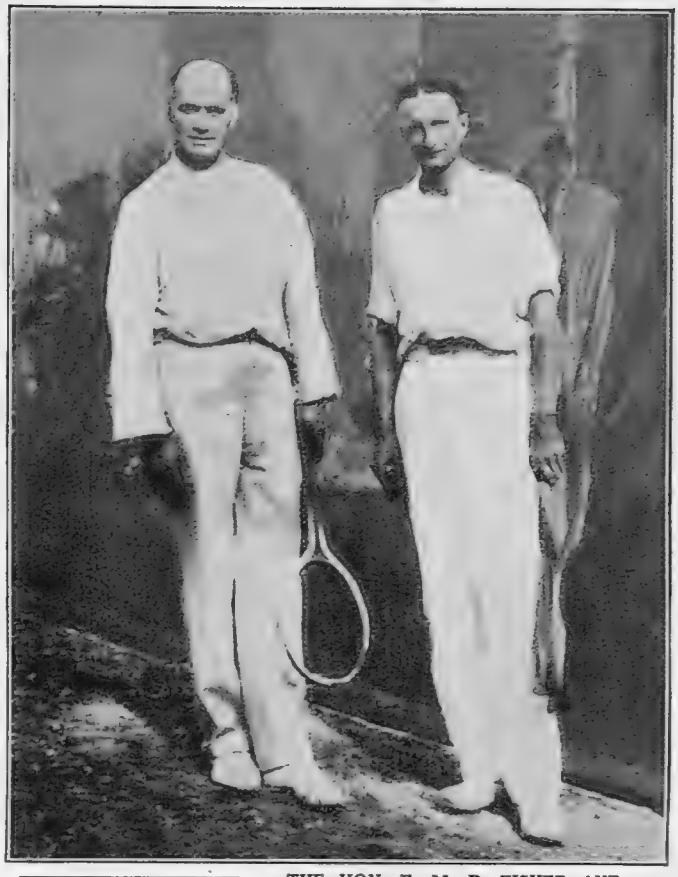
The New Rules

SINCE the appearance in last week's issue of my comments on the controversy over the new rules, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, one of the members of the Rules of Golf Committee, has stated the case for the defence in the *Daily Telegraph*. He is careful to explain that he has not had an opportunity of consulting his colleagues on the Rules Committee, and, therefore, that his views must be regarded as personal to himself; but he nevertheless adds, "Member of the Rules of Golf Committee" beneath his name, and may, therefore, be taken to speak as one having authority.

Mr. Croome for the Defence

THE net result of a lengthy and (if I may be permitted to say so) able *apologia* is that Mr. Croome is unmoved by the arguments raised against the new rules; he declares that they were anticipated by the Committee in the course of their deliberations, and, after careful consideration, dismissed as negligible. On the question whether the new rules will have the effect of increasing the congestion on crowded courses—which I appear to have been right in regarding as the most important one—Mr. Croome is quite positive that they will not. He says, in effect, that we shall find when the rules come into force that very few players will "go back" on discovering that their ball is either lost or unplayable. The rules,

MLLE. LENGLEN AND THE HON. MRS. COLSTON
The supremacy of the French girl champion in singles is more pronounced than ever



THE HON. F. M. B. FISHER AND F. G. LOWE
Lowe has proved himself the best player, so far, in singles, whilst Fisher has been remarkably successful in doubles

PROMINENT LAWN TENNIS PLAYERS ON THE RIVIERA

Photographs

LADY ROCKSAVAGE
A very keen and improving player

E. Navello

LORD ROCKSAVAGE
Who may one day be as good at this game as he is at polo

he says, will allow them, if they have reason to believe that the ball they have struck will be undiscoverable or unplayable, to strike another one provisionally. And whether they take this precaution or not the penalty of stroke and distance is such a heavy one that in the majority of cases the player who has incurred it will give up the hole. Only when the opponent is likewise playing badly, or unluckily, will it be worth his while to persevere, so that "going back" will only happen about once in a blue moon. This is a necessarily brief, but, I think, fairly accurate summary of Mr. Croome's arguments.

An Untenable Plea

I HAVE little doubt that Mr. Croome has forecasted with a good deal of accuracy what will actually happen when the new rules come into force. My own view has always been that instances of players "going back" will be comparatively rare. But can you say that an enactment is a good one because those whom it affects are unlikely to avail themselves of it? One recalls the essay written by a schoolboy on pins wherein he stated that pins had been known to save life through people not swallowing them.

The "Provisional" Ball

THEN, again, what about that "provisional" ball? Can we not easily conjure up visions

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

of the player of the ultra-careful type who leaves nothing to chance saying to himself, not once, but many times in the course of a round, "I am not quite sure where that one went to. Perhaps I had better strike another one in order to be on the safe side." And since there are a good many players of this kind knocking about, may we not expect that they will be very prone to abuse the privilege of the "provisional" ball, and that the delays occasioned by their "making sure" will be considerable?

CRICKET

Defeat Without Dishonour

THERE is no need to cry "Ichabod" over the result of the Test Matches, or to shed too many tears over those dropped catches. Our team is a very long way from being a bad one; the fact that it has achieved a highest on record for the fourth innings in a Test Match is abundant proof to the contrary; but it so happens that Australia's best is better than England's best just now. There seems to be a tendency nowadays, after any big sporting event, to belittle the loser rather than to give the due meed of praise to the winner, which is ungenerous and very often quite wrong.

Give the Winners Their Due

ONE saw this exemplified in the case of the England *v.* Wales Rugby Match when many of the critics had hardly a good word for a side that was in reality by no means a bad one, and almost ignored the fact that it was beaten by a superlatively good one. If Wales were such a poor lot as they were made out to be, how is it that after losing twelve points in the first fifteen minutes, they only lost six more in the whole of the remaining time? Let us not be led into the same error over the Test Matches. Our team has proved itself to be a good one, and all the more credit is due to the Australians on that account for having beaten it. Where they have had the pull over us all along has been in their batting. They are a team without a tail, whereas our team has a pronounced one. It has also happened that when they missed catches, the missing of them did not matter so very much, whereas the catches missed by our men mattered extremely. But this is just the luck of the game. The fact remains that we have been beaten by one of the strongest sides that Australia has ever put into the field. H. S. S.

GOAL

Snapshots of a goal in the making are rare. This one clearly shows how one of the goals was scored in the match in which Kent beat Middlesex at Bromley on Wednesday last by 4—0. The Middlesex goalkeeper has vainly attempted to kick the ball away, and the attacking forward is hitting it through his legs into the goal

Photographs] AN ANXIOUS MOMENT FOR ST. MORITZ *[Sport and General*

In the recent Ice-Hockey match at St. Moritz between teams representing England and St. Moritz, of which the England side were the winners. The St. Moritz goalkeeper has come out, at the risk of leaving an open goal, to tackle the opposing forward before he can shoot or pass It looks like being a very near thing

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Lost Property!

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

DON'T GET ALARMED! IT'S PROBABLY NOT YOURS

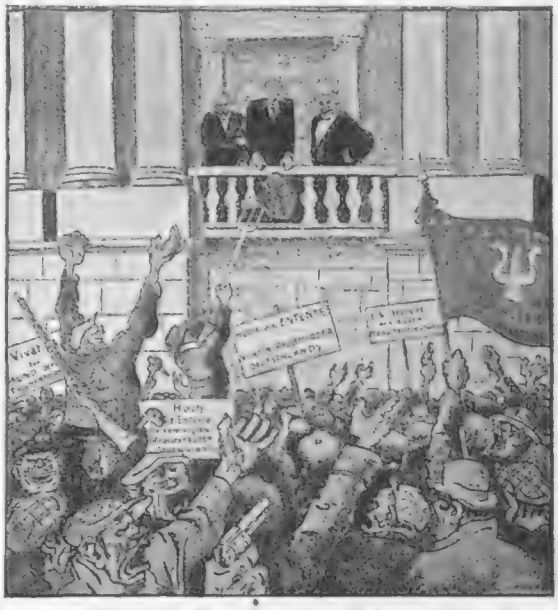
Der Wintersport

BY THE BYSTANDER AROUND BERLIN

THE Berlin Bystander (sometimes the Bystander-on-his-Back-with-a-Bump-on-his-Occiput) is deep in *Der Wintersport*. Not in showy St. Moritz; not in the Scandinavian Shargard (which you pronounce Sharegord), and not in his old haunt, unmelting Leninland, where (every Russ asseverates) fair skating may he had in the drawing-room. No; in Bad Berlin. Bad Berlin is no mean stage for *Der Wintersport*. It has got most of what even exacting Wintersporters want; first-rate slithery rinks; a smooth, untumbleful ski-path down Hohenzollerndamm Boulevard; and sufficient chilliness—say minus 5 degrees Cent.—for at least three weeks a year.

AND it has the Wintersport obsession. The interest is vast. Nowhere do Sport-Editors write so scientifically about the ballistics of ski-jumps; nowhere do spectacled infants so ardently plan curves by the infinitesimal calculus of Newton and Leibnitz; nowhere are shops so chock-full of *Der Wintersport* paraphernalia—skates made in Dusseldorf; skis bent at Schierke in the Harz, with Prof. Dr. Chirurg. Drapp's new ankle-spraining clasp-dodge; "sport-costumes in *englisch* fashion"; thermos flasks; neat nickel *butterbrod* cases; and sportsmen's medicine-chests, guaranteed to smash splinteringly when you capsize in tipsy tumbles on Grunewald hill. Not to mention Synthetic Sunburn. In winter, Phœbus, the God of Tan, lurks low in Bad Berlin; and if a Pruss returns from *Der Wintersport* less ruddy than Commissary Dzerzhinski's paws, his discontented wifelet salutes him, "Kurtchen; then you haven't had any Wintersport?" So Kurtchen drops in at a druggist's, and lays in enough Synthetic Sunburn to tan him into a Synthetic Sioux.

IN artificial ice Bad Berlin has decayed. Before the so-called War she had three big indoor ice rinks, and a fourth was planned. Wild-West Berlin had its *Eispalast*; shiny Friedrichstrasse had its *Admiralspalast* (called after that Admiral of the Atlantic whose pennant now flaps on the thundering dreadnought Doorn); and at the end of Potsdamerstrasse was a "Sport Palace," which had the biggest fake-ice surface on earth. Now they're dead except the second one, which is mostly kept for Ice Pantomimes; but you can sometimes skate there. The other two are given over to rival sports; to wrestling; to riding fire-snorting ex-bus-horses; to dancing in Biedermeier costume or in none.



AS THE "PEACE-LOVING" GERMAN SEES IT

Germany's Associated Criminals cry "Hoch!" to the Entente for dissolving the Security Police

(*From "Ulk," Berlin*)

FOR *Der Skisport* the B.-in-B. makes for Grunewald Forest. It begins in south-west Berlin, and stretches to near Potsdam. The advantage is that you get notoriety. Only notorious and eccentric citizens ski. True, Bad Berlin has sometimes deep enough snow to smother your smother-in-law; but this suburban ski-ing is looked down on. Ski-ing is an *aristokratisch* sport. You should either go to Hirschberg, in lively Silesia, or stay at home and use Synthetic Sunburn. As it's not *smartisch* to slip on ski around Bad Berlin, it's notorious. When the B.-in-B. takes his splintered skilets, bought in borean Archangel in far 1912, on a Grunewald tram, he's stared at by everyone; and his tingling ears catch whispers that the *englisch* were always lunatics; and that that's why they lost the so-called War.

STILL, you can have a good time. Grunewald's deepset lakelets are frozen hard; snow does not blow off them as it blows off Finland's fjords and Moscow's drawing-room parquet; and when you've passed the chain of lakelets you can slip through miles of pleasant dwarf-pine wilderness into old Brandenburg villages, where red-pawed *Hausfraus* bake sociably together in a market-place oven. The chief drawback is hunger—even before the so-called War you could at best get a lunch of pork, at worst of Landbread, so called because of its adequate ingredients of land. And the villages are graceless—one-storied stucco housekins which remind the B.-in-B. of a street in Kingstown, Ireland, before Sinn Feiners burned it.

THE B.-in-B. sometimes has ice-yachting, and sometimes he sails on skates. These swift and thrillful neckbreakers are practised on the smooth-frozen Havel, which washes Potsdam, Wicked Wilhelm the Wonderful's lost Wonderland. Tobogganing's not popular. The Prussic gentleman is too stiff to tumble out blithely; and the Prussic maid cannot afford those pert silk stockings and other demonstrative garments of fine quality which in happier lands tempt to decorative somersaults in the capsizeful winter landscape. Still, resourceful Britons can get quite tolerable *Der Wintersport* round Bad Berlin; and they even ultimately discover that there are native words for those dull Briticisms, "skates," "toboggan," "bobsleigh," and "sweater," though just now it's not *smartisch* to speak the tongue of the late poet Klopstock.

Lower Prices—but same High Standard

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FRENCH RHINE WINES

from ALSACE

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SHAPE
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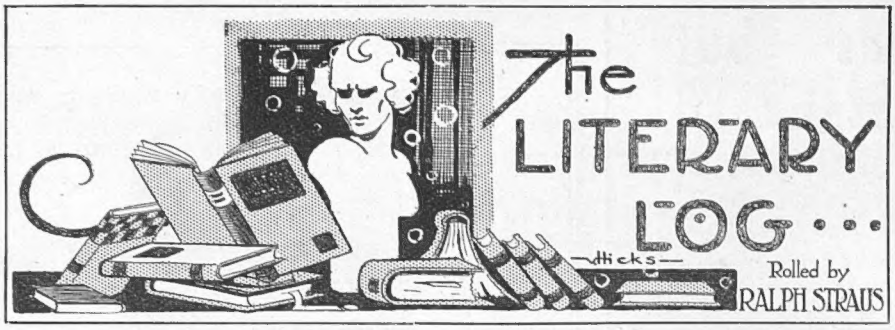

WHEN that impossible, though truly delightful, enthusiast called S. P. B. Mais was appointed a year ago to an important post carrying professorial rank, certain disgruntled individuals took occasion to find serious fault with almost every activity which Mr. Mais has shown, except, perhaps, his exploits on the track. They picked holes in his educational work, they read unpleasant meanings into his novels. I believe they even called him immoral. The attacks did Mr. Mais no harm, and I would never have recalled them but for the fact that his new novel, *Colour-Blind* (Grant Richards: 8*s.* 6*d.* net), is just out, and may conceivably lead to further abuse. For *Colour-Blind*, without being a great novel, is a piece of work written at something like white heat, which attempts to set down the aspirations of the younger generation without that unnecessary, cotton-woolly covering within which the older generations have flourished. Here is life, as Mr. Mais has seen and interpreted it, young and eager and not caring a straw for stupid hypocrisies. And, although I firmly believe that every maiden aunt in the kingdom will secretly enjoy the book, I am convinced that it will need a wholly exceptional spinster to *admit* anything of the kind. *Colour-Blind* is an entirely moral and almost grossly respectable story, but it will not always be so described by its readers.

⁂ ⁂

THE story itself, as told by one Jimmy, an ex-officer out of a job, is quite simple. He is in love with an adorable Marjory, and is about to propose when Mark, his best friend and a bit of a genius suffering from a wound in the head, steps in; and although Marjory loves Jimmy, she marries Mark. These things happen; if they didn't, where would your novelists be? And, as this is Mr. Mais's story, it is only right and proper that Jimmy should try his hand at schoolmastering. At this queer game he is not a success, but Aresford gives him the chance of meeting Evelyn, who is also adorable, though not quite so adorable as Marjory. Life then becomes complicated, because Mark is increasingly bearish, and Evelyn refuses to marry a man with no money or prospects. But—and here the maiden aunts will sit up erect and frown in order to conceal their smiles—she does not object to "keeping house" with him for a wonderful week by the sea. If you are shocked at this, you are shocked. Afterwards, Jimmy does his best to persuade Evelyn to marry him, but she has chosen somebody else, and Jimmy, finding schoolmastering a mug's game, goes up to Lincolnshire to play that now popular ex-officerian rôle, chauffeur-companion, to Mark, now in civilian authority in a military camp.

⁂ ⁂

IT is a dangerous move, because poor Mark, with his inferiority-complex, is becoming more boorish than ever. But Jimmy is no philandering cad, as Mr. Mais's detractors may choose to say; he is just an erratic youngster in love with life. And nearly all his energies are given to the curing of Mark. His lay treatment, as it happens, is even more successful than he had hoped, for Marjory really falls in love with her husband. And then Jimmy meets Joan in the most casual way and obtains his reward. You wonder a little at the incident of Joan. It is so much more romantic than the rest of Mr. Mais's work. However, the main thing is that after a struggle Joan gives up her other admirers and settles Jimmy's difficulties, let us hope, for all time. Of all Mr. Mais's novels *Colour-Blind* will, I fancy, be considered the most interesting. It is all very simple and alive, and even the relations of Jimmy to Joan may not be too far removed from everyday matters. How often, after a few minutes' acquaintanceship, do you not feel that you have known this or that individual for a lifetime!

R. S.

Photograph] "FED-UP" [*Stage Photo Co.*

The stern schoolmaster (Owen Nares) has captured his beautiful runaway pupil (Meggie Albanesi), and is seen bringing her back to school. Judging by his expression it doesn't augur well for the success of his "Charm School." We have every reason to believe, however, that he condescends to smile a little—later

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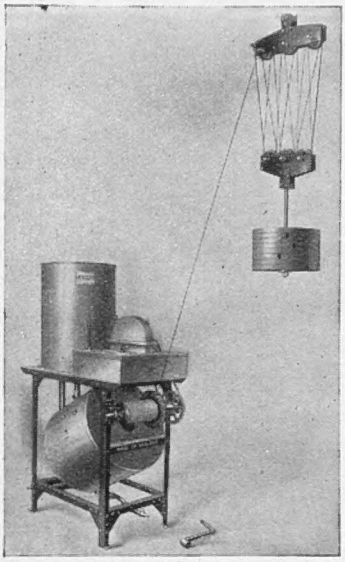

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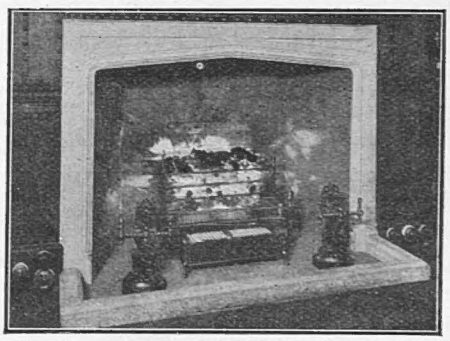
Come to "Touch-Button House" and see the wonderful "Berry" labour saving devices in actual operation, ovens which cook a dinner at the turn of a switch, "Berry" labour saving devices which "wash-up," iron, do the family laundry, sweep the carpets and wash floors, turning the drudgery of household tasks into pleasure, solving your servant problem for ever. See the model Bath Room with every labour-saving luxury. See the continuous Cinema performance, both interesting and instructive

and the "Magicoal" Electrical Fires, the most wonderful domestic invention of the age—a coal fire without smoke! Embers glowing and flickering as a real fire does on a frosty night—all by the touch of an electric button at a cost of less than burning a wax candle. The heat can be graduated at proportionate cost.

Always ready, always laid, the "Magicoal" fire saves coal and domestic labour, eliminates dirt and dust. You can make toast or boil water just as you would on an ordinary coal fire. It can easily be fitted into an ordinary grate, or beautiful grates of every period of decoration can be supplied. If you cannot call at "Touch-Button House," write now for further particulars.



Actual Photograph—untouched—of "Magicoal" Electric Fire.
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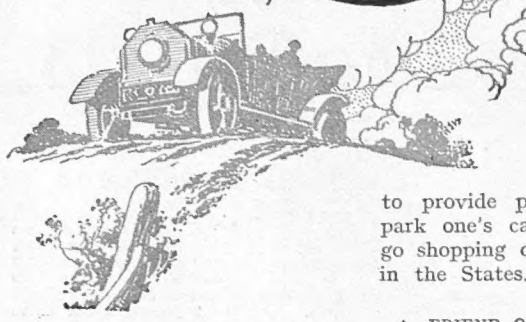
A bath to which is added a couple of tablespoonfuls or so of COLMAN'S MUSTARD or the contents of a carton of specially prepared BATH MUSTARD.

"Let Muster Mistard prepare your bath."

Motoring & Aviation



I AM glad to see that Madame Henry Deutsch de la Meurthe, the widow of my old friend, the late petrol king of France, is carrying on his good work to help aviation. *Mes compliments, madame, toujours à votre service,* and I hope to be present when the race for the new Coupe Deutsch is run for and the 200,000 francs, the cash prizes, distributed that you have so generously given to the Aero Club of France for an International speed contest. After all, racing is the only means to improve the breed of the air-motor carriage and goods waggon in peace times in order that progress can be made in the general utility of aeroplanes. It was racing that built up the motor-car business from very small beginnings, and though the Great Adventure pushed the air-motor into greater prominence than could ordinarily have been expected, it was like a hot-house plant. So now it wants nursing properly. But it must be thoroughly understood that while motoring was started by the private carriage owner, aviation has got to begin the other end and start afresh from the goods and passenger-carrying firms, and work up to the day of every carriage owner the proprietor of his own private air-motor. So the quicker the commercial blokes get on with the job the sooner we shall all be able to buy cheap flyers—and run 'em.

* * *

PETROL at 3*s.* 5½*d.* per gallon in the South and 3*s.* 6½*d.* in the North brings the twenty-miles per gallon car down to about 2¼*d.* per mile for fuel, and the less thirsty ones to about a penny, so that with the new licence duties, which work out about thirty bob a month down to five shillings a week, motorists can gauge their expenses fairly accurately as against other methods of travel. I reckon that more cars will use the roads this year than last, and that the day is near at hand, when cities and towns will have to provide places where one can park one's car when leaving it to go shopping or visiting, like they do in the States.

* * *

A FRIEND of mine from across the water told me that our way of drawing up parallel with the pavement instead of backing to the kerb at an angle of forty-five degrees took up far too much room on the highways and streets, and that we should have to come to their way of pulling up and leaving our cars at that angle. I should like the R.A.C. to experiment on this method round St. James's Square, London, which they use as a free garage for their members, to see if you do get more cars in that way and at the same time cause less obstruction in the roadway. Anyway, now the Club have fixed up a standard disc to test headlights for their lighting and dazzle value, perhaps they might have a go at the "park" difficulty, as no one can afford fines or garage fees for leaving one's car alone for an hour or so.

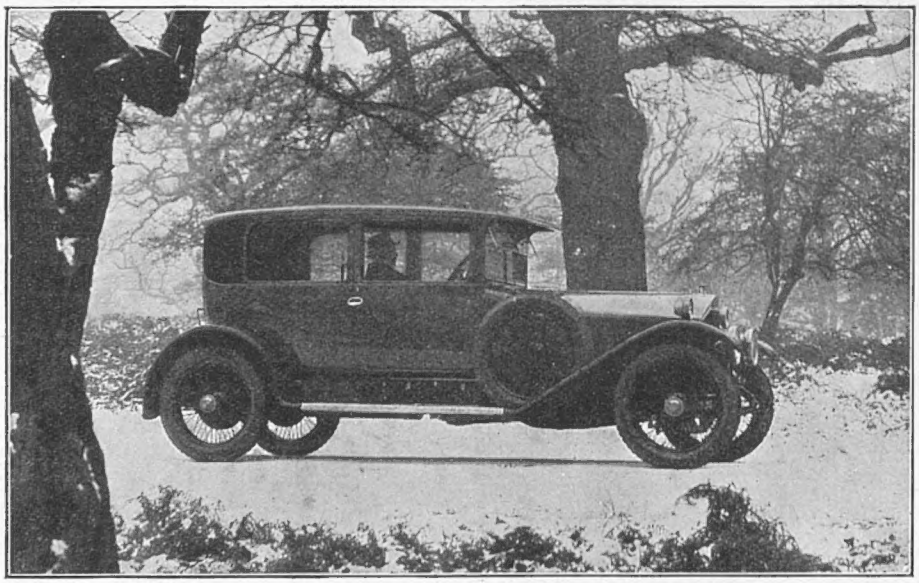
* * *

WHAT a lot of rot the so-called motoring journals seem to find space for in their columns in regard to the speed limit. I suppose it is their idea of propaganda in regard to helping the draughtsmen of the new Motor Car Bill to word the clause in reference to this when the measure comes before Parliament. To my mind they are wasting effort and paper. The veriest novice in driving a motor-car realises that it is not a real question of fixing any particular speed as a legal limit; the whole matter turns on safety. Therefore, if the present speed limit of twenty miles per hour is abolished for good and all, and "driving to the danger of the public" is made the real offence, you get a true perspective of the control that is needed for all parties concerned. Quite lately I saw a motorist hit a pedestrian when the car was travelling at a speed of five miles an hour. In the Court the motorist was absolved from all blame.

* * *

IF I had been on the Bench he would have received the fullest penalty the law permitted as it was entirely his fault, as he should never have been moving at all under the circumstances of the case which I need not go into here. Another time I saw a car "trapped" for travelling at twenty-seven miles an hour—driver fined two guineas and costs—when there was absolutely no danger if it had been travelling at forty miles an hour. The truth of the matter is that speed whether five miles an hour or fifty miles an hour is dangerous in some places while perfectly safe in others, and if motorists cannot accurately judge what pace to travel safely they must be "driving to the danger." Consequently, a legal speed limit is a farce, so the sooner it's abolished the better.

OLD HY.



IN RICHMOND PARK

This is one of the latest models of the Napier Company—a 40/50 h.p. six-cylinder car, fitted with handsome saloon body. The unusual surroundings were the result of the pre-Christmas fall of snow